

James Barry
THE
Posthumous Works

~~OF~~
Dr. THOMAS PARNELL,

L A T E

Arch-Deacon of Clogher;

CONTAINING

P O E M S

M O R A L and D I V I N E:

A N D

On Various other Subjects:

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

Hor.

D U B L I N:

Printed for BENJAMIN GUNNE, Bookseller in *Caple-street.*
M,DCC,LVIII.

Works



DR. THOMAS PARWELL,

LATE

Arch-Bishop of Glasgow;

CONTAINING

P O E M S

MORAL and DIVINE:

AND

On Various other Subjects:

Dignum laude oritur Mors, et mors. Hor.

DUBLIN:

Printed for Benjamin Gunn, Bookbinder in Capel-street
MDCCLXXII.



TO THE
R E A D E R.

THE following POEMS were given by the Author to the late *Benjamin Everard*, Esq; and since his Death, found by his Son among several other valuable Manuscripts, who gave them to the Editor; The Receipt annexed in Dean SWIFT's own hand Writing, and found at the same time, shews an Acknowledgment that they are actually Genuine.

Dec. 5, 1723.

Then Received from *Benjamin Everard* Esq; the above Writings of the late Doctor PARNELL, in four stitched Volumes of Manuscript; which I Promise to restore to him on Demand,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

The Editor finds himself obliged in Gratitude to the Memory of the Author, thus to introduce these POSTHUMOUS WORKS, least they might be doubted really his; the former Poems published in his Life-time, so justly admired by all Judges of Poetry and Literature and so highly commended by the late Mr. POPE, in his Dedication to the Earl of OXFORD, begins thus.

Such were the Notes, thy once lov'd Poet Sung,
'Till Death untimely stop'd his tuneful Tongue.

Oh!

To the READER.

v

Oh ! juſt beheld, and loſt, admir'd, and mourn'd !
With ſoſteſt Manners, gentle Arts adorn'd !
Bleſt in each Science, bleſt in ev'ry Strain !
Dear to the Muſe, to HARLEY dear—in vain !
Abſent or Dead, ſtill let a Friend be dear,
(A Sigh the Abſent claims, the Dead a Tear,)
Recal thoſe Nights that clos'd thy toilsome Days,
Still hear thy PARNELL in his living Lays.

Such were the Sentiments of Mr. POPE, but alaſs he is no more to Sing the Praises of his PARNELL ! how weak the Pencil of Praise, in any, but the Hands of ſuch a Maſter ! therefore I leave to my Readers, how far theſe Productions come up to, if not excel any of his former, being actuated or rather Divinely inſpired in the following Subjects, ſo far as relates to the Holy Scriptures. Having then the
Honour

vii *To the* READER.

Honour to usher this ORPHAN into the
World, my Heart exults in sure and
permanent hope, that the FATHER,
now tunes his Lyre in the Celestial
Spheres in Harmony of Numbers.



The EDITOR.



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THE

T H E C O N T E N T S.

<i>T</i> HE Gift of Poetry.	Page 1
Moses.	5
Deborah	45
Hannah	64
David	77
Solomon	136
Jonah	177
Hezekiah	188
Habakkuk	201
The Vision of Piety	213
A Hymn for Morning	219
A Hymn for Noon	221
A Hymn for Evening	223
The Soul in Sorrow	225
The Happy Man	228
The Way to Happiness	231
	The

CONTENTS.

xv

<i>The Convert's Love</i>	Page 233
<i>A Desire to Praise</i>	235
<i>On Happiness in this Life</i>	239
<i>Extacy</i>	241
<i>On Divine Love by Meditating on the Wounds of Christ</i>	246
<i>On Queen Ann's Peace, Anno 1713</i>	248
<i>Elysium</i>	265
<i>The Judgment of Paris</i>	274
<i>Bacchus or the Drunken Metamorphosis</i>	277
<i>A Riddle</i>	283
<i>On Mrs. Ar. F. leaving London</i>	284
<i>On the B——p of S——, who had like to be burnt lately in his Study.</i>	285

PARNELL's

CONTENTS

Page	Chapter
1	The Church of England
2	The Church of Scotland
3	The Church of Rome
4	The Church of the East
5	The Church of the West
6	The Church of the South
7	The Church of the North
8	The Church of the Middle
9	The Church of the East
10	The Church of the West
11	The Church of the South
12	The Church of the North
13	The Church of the Middle
14	The Church of the East
15	The Church of the West
16	The Church of the South
17	The Church of the North
18	The Church of the Middle
19	The Church of the East
20	The Church of the West
21	The Church of the South
22	The Church of the North
23	The Church of the Middle
24	The Church of the East
25	The Church of the West
26	The Church of the South
27	The Church of the North
28	The Church of the Middle
29	The Church of the East
30	The Church of the West
31	The Church of the South
32	The Church of the North
33	The Church of the Middle
34	The Church of the East
35	The Church of the West
36	The Church of the South
37	The Church of the North
38	The Church of the Middle
39	The Church of the East
40	The Church of the West
41	The Church of the South
42	The Church of the North
43	The Church of the Middle
44	The Church of the East
45	The Church of the West
46	The Church of the South
47	The Church of the North
48	The Church of the Middle
49	The Church of the East
50	The Church of the West
51	The Church of the South
52	The Church of the North
53	The Church of the Middle
54	The Church of the East
55	The Church of the West
56	The Church of the South
57	The Church of the North
58	The Church of the Middle
59	The Church of the East
60	The Church of the West
61	The Church of the South
62	The Church of the North
63	The Church of the Middle
64	The Church of the East
65	The Church of the West
66	The Church of the South
67	The Church of the North
68	The Church of the Middle
69	The Church of the East
70	The Church of the West
71	The Church of the South
72	The Church of the North
73	The Church of the Middle
74	The Church of the East
75	The Church of the West
76	The Church of the South
77	The Church of the North
78	The Church of the Middle
79	The Church of the East
80	The Church of the West
81	The Church of the South
82	The Church of the North
83	The Church of the Middle
84	The Church of the East
85	The Church of the West
86	The Church of the South
87	The Church of the North
88	The Church of the Middle
89	The Church of the East
90	The Church of the West
91	The Church of the South
92	The Church of the North
93	The Church of the Middle
94	The Church of the East
95	The Church of the West
96	The Church of the South
97	The Church of the North
98	The Church of the Middle
99	The Church of the East
100	The Church of the West



BRITISH MUSEUM



PARNELL's Posthumous &c.

The Gift of Poetry.

FROM realms of never-interrupted peace,
From thy fair station near the throne of Grace,
From choirs of angels, joys in endless round,
And endless harmony's enchanting sound,
Charm'd with a zeal, the Maker's praise to shew,
Bright Gift of Verse descend, and here below
My ravish'd heart with rais'd affection fill,
And warbling o'er the soul incline my will,
Among thy pomp, let rich expression wait,
Let ranging Numbers form thy train, compleat,

While

B

While at thy motions over all the sky
 Sweet sounds, and echo's sweet, resounding fly;
 And where thy feet with gliding beauty tread
 Let Fancy's flow'ry spring erect it's head.

It comes, it comes, with unaccustom'd light,
 The tracts of airy thought grow wond'rous bright,
 It's notions, antient Memory reviews,
 And young Invention new designs pursues.
 To some attempt my will and wishes press,
 And pleasure, rais'd in hope, forbodes success.
 My God, from whom proceed the gifts divine,
 My God! I think I feel the Gift is thine.
 Be this no vain illusion which I find,
 Nor nature's impulse on the passive mind,
 But reason's act, produc'd by good desire,
 By grace enliven'd with Celestial Fire;
 While base conceits, like misty fons of night,
 Before such beams of glory take their flight,
 And frail affections, born of earth, decay,
 Like weeds that wither in the warmer ray.

I thank



I thank thee, Father ! with a grateful mind,
 Man's undeferving, and thy Mercy kind,
 I now perceive, I long to sing thy praise,
 I now perceive, I long to find my lays,
 The sweet incentives of another's love,
 And sure such longings have their rise above,
 My resolution stands confirm'd within,
 My Lines aspiring eagerly begin;
 Begin my Lines, to such a subject due,
 That aids our labours, and rewards them too.
 Begin, while Canaan opens to mine Eyes,
 Where souls and songs, divinely form'd, arise.

As One whom o'er the sweetly-vary'd meads,
 Intire recess and lonely pleasure leads,
 To verdur'd banks, to paths adorn'd with flow'rs,
 To shady trees, to closely-waving bowers,
 To bubling fountains, and aside the stream
 That softly gliding sooths a waking dream,
 Or bears the thought inspir'd with heat along,
 And with fair images improves a song;

Through sacred anthems, so may fancy range,
So still from beauty, still to beauty change,
To feel delights in all the radiant way,
And, with sweet Numbers, what it feels repay.
For this I call that antient Time appear,
And bring his rolls to serve in method here;
His rolls which acts, that endless honour claim,
Have rank'd in order for the voice of fame.

My call is favour'd, time from first to last
Unwinds his years, the present sees the past;
I view their circles as he turns them o'er,
And fix my footsteps where he went before.

The page unfolding wou'd a top disclose,
Where sounds melodious in their birth arose.
Where first the Morning Stars together sung,
Where first their harps the Sons of Glory strung,
With shouts of joy, while Hallelujahs rise
To prove the chorus of eternal skies.
Rich sparkling strokes the letters doubly gild,
And all's with love and admiration fill'd.

MOSES.

M O S E S.

TO grace those lines, which next appear to
 fight,
 The pencil shone, with more abated light ;
 Yet still the pencil shone, the lines were fair
 And awful Moses stands recorded there,
 Let his, replete with flames, and praise divine,
 Let his, the first, remembred song be mine,
 Then rise my thought, and in thy prophet find
 What joy shou'd warm thee, for the work design'd
 To that great act, which rais'd his heart, repair
 And find a portion of his spirit there.

A Nation helpless and unarm'd, I view,
 Whom strong revengeful troops of war pursue,
 Seas stop their flight, their camp must prove their
 grave,
 Ah ! what can save them ? God alone can save.
 God's wond'rous voice proclaims his high command,
 He bids their leader wave the sacred Wand,
 And

And where the billows flow'd, they flow no more,
A road lies naked, and they march it o'er.
Safe may the sons of Jacob travel through,
But why will hard'ned Egypt venture too?
Vain in thy rage, to think those waters flee
And rise like walls, on either hand, for thee.
The night come's on, the season for surprize,
Yet fear not, Ifrael, God directs thine eyes;
A fiery cloud I see thine angel ride,
His chariot is thy light, and he thy guide.
The day comes on, and half thy succours fail,
Yet fear not, Ifrael. God will still prevail.
I see thine angel from before thee go,
To make the wheels of vent'rous Egypt flow,
His rolling cloud inwraps its beams of light
And what supply'd thy day, prolongs their night.
At length the dangers of the deep are run
The further brink is past, the bank is won;
The leader turns to view the foes behind
Then waves his solemn wand within the wind,

Oh

PARNELL'S POEMS.

7

Oh Nation, freed by wonders, cease thy fear,
And stand, and see the Lord's Salvation here.

Ye Tempests, now, from ev'ry corner fly,
And wildly rage in all my fancied sky,
Roll on, ye waters, as they roll'd before,
Ye billows of my fancied ocean, roar,
Dash high, ride foaming, mingle, all the main,
'Tis done, and Pharaoh can't afflict again.

The work, the wond'rous work of freedom's done,
The winds abate, the clouds restore the sun,
The wreck appears, the threatening army drown'd
Floats o'er the waves, to strew the sandy ground.
Then place thy Moses near the calming flood,
Majestically mild, serenely good;
Let meekness, lovely virtue gently stream,
Around his visage, like a lambent flame,
Let grateful sentiments, let sense of love,
Let holy zeal, within his bosom move,
And while his people gaze the watry plain,
And fear's last touches like to doubts remain,

While

While bright astonishment that seems to raise,
A questioning belief, is fond to praise,
Be thus the rapture in the prophet's breast,
Be thus the thanks for freedom gain'd, express'd.

I'll sing to God, I'll sing the songs of praise,
To God, triumphant in his wond'rous ways,
To God, whose glories in the seas excel,
Where the proud horse, and prouder rider, fell.

The Lord, in mercy kind, in justice strong,
Is now my strength, this strength be now my song,
This sure salvation such he proves to me,
From danger rescu'd, and from bondage free,
The Lord's my God, and I'll prepare his feat,
My father's God, and I'll proclaim him great;
Him Lord of battles, Him renown'd in Name,
Him ever-faithful, evermore the same.
His gracious aids avenge his people's thrall,
They make the pride of boasting Pharaoh fall.
Within the seas, his stately chariots lie,
Within the seas, his chosen captains die.

The

The rolling deeps have cover'd o'er the foe,
 They sunk like stones, they swiftly sunk below :
 Thine hand my God ! thine hand confess'd thy care,
 Thine hand was glorious in thy power there,
 It broke their troops unequal for the fight,
 In all the greatness of excelling might :
 Thy wrath sent forward o'er the raging stream
 Swift, sure and sudden, their destruction came.
 They fell as stubble burns, while driving skies
 Provoke and whirl a flame, and ruin flies.

When blasts, dispatch'd with wonderful intent
 On sovereign orders from thy nostrils went,
 For our accounts, the waters were afraid,
 Perceiv'd thy Presence, and together fled,
 In heaps uprightly plac'd, they learn to stand,
 Like banks of chrystal, by the paths of sand.
 Then, fondly flush'd with hope, and swell'd with
 pride,
 And filld with rage, the foe profanely cry'd,

Secure of conquest, I'll pursue their way,
I'll overtake them, I'll divide the prey,
My lust I'll satisfy, mine anger cloy,
My sword I'll brandish, and their name destroy.
How wildly threats their anger, hark ! above,
New blasts of wind, on new commission move,
To loose the fetters that confin'd the main,
And make its mighty waters rage again.
Then overwhelm'd, with their resistless sway,
They sunk like lead, they sunk beneath the sea.

Oh who's like thee, thou dreaded Lord of Host !
Among the Gods, whom all the nations boast,
Such acts of wonder, and of strength displays ?
Oh great, Oh glorious in thine holy ways !
Deserving praise, and that thy praise appear
In signs of reverence, and sense of fear.
With justice arm'd thou stretchedst out thine hand
And earth between its gaping jaws of land
Receiv'd it's waters of the parted main,
And swallow'd up the dark Egyption train.

With

With mercy rising on the weaker side,
Thy self became the rescu'd people's guide!
And in thy strength they past th' amazing road
To reach thine holy Mount, thy blest'd abode.

What thou hast done the neighb'ring realms shall
hear,

And feel the strange report excite their fear.
What thou hast done shall Edom's Duke amaze,
And make despair on Palestina seize.
Shall make the warlike sons of Moab shake,
And all the melting hearts of Canaan weak.
In heavy damps, diffus'd on ev'ry Breast,
Shall cold distrust, and hopeless terror rest,
The matchless Greatness, which thine hand has
shewn,

Shall keep their kingdoms as unmov'd as stone,
While Jordan stops above, and fails below,
And all thy flock across the channel go.
Thus on thy Mercy's silver-shining wing,
Through seas and streams thou wilt the nation bring,
And

And as the rooted trees securely stand,
So firmly plant it in the promis'd land ;
Where for thyself, thou wilt a place prepare,
And after-ages will thine altar rear,
There reign victorious in thy sacred seat,
Oh Lord ! for ever and for ever great.

Look, where the tyrant was but lately seen,
The seas gave backward, and he ventur'd in :
In yonder gulph with haughty pomp he shew'd,
Here march'd his horsemen, there his chariots rode,
And when our God restor'd the floods again,
Ah, vainly strong ! they perish'd in the main,
But Israel went a dry surprizing way,
Made safe by miracles, amidst the sea.

Here ceas'd the song, tho' not the Prophets joy,
Which others hands, and others tongues employ,
For still the lays with warmth divine exprest,
Inflam'd his hearers to their inmost breast.
Then Miriam's notes the chorus sweetly raise,
And Miriam's timbrel gives new life to praise.

The

The moving sounds, like soft delicious wind,
That breath'd from paradise, a passage find,
Shed sympathies for odours as they rove,
And fan the risings of enkindl'd love.

O'er all the croud the thought inspiring flew,
The women follow'd, with their timbrels too,
And thus from Moses, where his strains arose,
They catch'd a rapture, to perform the close.

We'll sing to God, we'll sing the songs of praise,
To God triumphant in his wond'rous ways
To God, whose glories in the seas excel,
Where the proud horse, and prouder rider, fell.

Thus Israel, raptur'd with the pleasing thought,
Of freedom wish'd, and wonderfully got,
Made chearful thanks from ev'ry bank resound
Express'd by songs, improv'd in joy by sound.
Oh sacred Moses, each infusing line,
That mov'd their gratitude, was part of thine,
And still the christians in thy numbers view,
The type of baptism, and of Heav'n too.

So

So souls from water, rise to grace below,
So saints from toil, to praise and glory go.

Oh grateful Miriam, in thy temper wrought,
Too warm for silence, or inventing thought;
Thy part of anthem, was to warble o'er,
In sweet response what Moses sung before.
Thou led the public voice to join his lays,
And words redoubling, well redoubled praise.
Receive thy title, prophets was thine,
When here thy practice shew'd the form divine.
The spirit thus approv'd, resign'd in will,
The church bows down, and hears responses still.

Nor slightly suffer tuneful Jubal's name,
To miss his place among the sons of fame;
Whose sweet infusions cou'd of old inspire,
The breathing organs, and the trembling lyre.
Father of these on earth, whose gentle soul,
By such engagements, cou'd the mind controul,
If holy verses aught to musick owe,
Be that thy large account of thanks below.

Whilst

Whilst, then, the timbrels lively pleasure gave,
And, now, whilst organs sound sedately grave.

My first attempt the finish'd course commends,
Now, Fancy, flag not, as that subject ends,
But charm'd with beauties which attend thy way;
Ascend harmonious in the next essay.
So flies the lark, and learn from her to fly,
She mounts, she warbles on the wind on high,
She falls from thence and seems to drop her wing
But ere she lights to rest, remounts to sing.

It is not far the days have roll'd their years
Before the second bright'ned work appears,
It is not far alas! the faulty cause,
Which, from the Prophet, sad reflection draws,
Alas! that blessings in possession cloy,
And peevish murmurs are prefer'd to joy;
That favour'd Israel cou'd be faithless still,
Or question God's protecting pow'r or will,
Or dread devoted Canaan's warlike men,
And long for Egypt, and their bonds again.

Scarce

Scarce thrice the Sun since hard'ned Pharaoh dy'd,
As bridegrooms issue forth with glittering pride
Rejoicing rose, and let the nation see,
Three shining days of easy liberty,
E'er the mean fears of want, produc'd within,
Vain thought, replenish'd, with rebellious sin.

Oh look not, Israel, to thy former way,
God cannot fail, and either wait or pray.
Within the borders of thy promis'd lands,
Lot's hapless wife a strange example stands,
She turn'd her eyes, and felt her change begin,
And wrath as fierce may meet resembling sin.
Then forward move thy camp, and forward still,
And let sweet mercy bend thy stubborn will.

At thy complaint, a branch in Marah cast,
With sweet'ning virtue mends the waters taste.
At thy complaint, the lab'ring tempest fails,
And drives afore, a wond'rous shower of quails.
In tender grass the falling manna lies,
And Heav'n itself the want of bread supplies.

The

The rock divided, flows upon the plain:
 At thy complaint, and still thou wilt complain.
 As thus employ'd, thou went the Desert through,
 Lo! Sinai mount upreard it's head to view.
 Thine eyes perceiv'd the darkly rowling cloud,
 Thine ears the trumpet shrill, the thunder loud,
 The forky lightning shot in livid gleam,
 The smoak arofe, the mountain all a flame
 Quak'd to the Depths, and work'd with signs of
 awe,
 While God descended to difpenfe the law,
 Yet neither mercy, manifest in might,
 Nor pow'r in terroures cou'd preserve thee right.

Provok'd with crimes of fuch an heinous kind
 Almighty juftice fware the doom design'd.
 That they fhould never reach the promifs'd feat,
 And Moses greatly mourns their haft'ned fate.

I'll think him now retir'd to publick care,
 While night in pitchy plumes fides foft in air,

I'll think him giving what the guilty sleep,
To thoughts where sorrow glides, and numbers
weep,
Sad thoughts of woes that reign where such pre-
vail,
And man's short life, tho' not so short as frail.
Within this circle for his inward eyes,
He bids the fading low creation rise,
And strait the train of mimic senses brings
The dusky shapes of transitory things,
Thro' pensive shades, the visions seem to range,
They seem to flourish, and they seem to change ;
A moon decreasing runs the silent sky,
And sickly birds on moulting feathers fly,
Men walking count their days of blessing o'er
The blessings vanish, and the tale's no more,
Still hours of nightly watches steal away,
Big waters roll, green blades of grass decay,
Then all the pensive shades, by just degrees,
Grows faint, in prospect and go off with these :

But

But while the affecting notions pass along,
He chuses such as best adorn his song,
And thus with God the rising lays began,
God ever reigning, God compar'd with man:
And thus they move to man beneath his rod,
Man deeply finning, man chastis'd by God.

Oh Lord ! Oh Saviour ! tho' thy chosen band,
Have stay'd like strangers, in a foreign land,
Thro' number'd ages, which have run their race,
Still has thy mercy been our dwelling-place,
Before the most exalted dust of earth,
The stately mountains had receiv'd a birth,
Before the pillars of the world were laid,
Before the habitable parts were made:
Thou wer't their God, from thee their rise they
drew,

Thou great for ages, great for ever too.

Man (mortal creature,) fram'd to feel decays,
Thine unresisted pow'r, at pleasure sways ;
Thou say'st return, and parting souls obey,
Thou say'st return, and bodies fall to clay.

For what's a thousand fleeting years with thee?
Or time, compar'd with long eternity,
Whose wings expanding infinitely vast
O'er stretch its utmost ends of first and last,
'Tis like those hours that lately saw the sun,
He rose, and set, and all the day was done.
Or like the watches which dread night divide,
And while we slumber unregarded glide,
When all the present seems a thing of nought,
And past and future close to waking thought.
As raging floods, when rivers swell with rain,
Bear down the groves, and overflow the plain,
So swift and strong, thy wond'rous might appears,
So life is carried down the rolling years.
As heavy sleep pursues the days retreat,
With dark, with silent, and unactive state,
So life's attended on by certain doom
And death's their rest, their resting place, a
tomb,
It quickly rises, and it quickly goes,
And youth its morning, age its ev'ning shews.

Thus

For

Thus tender blades of grass, when beams diffuse,
Rise from the pressure of their early dews.
Point towards the Skies, their elevated spires,
And proudly flourish, in their green attires,
But soon (Ah fading state of things below ;)
The scythe destructive, mows the lovely shew,
The rising sun thus saw their glories high,
That sun descended, sees their glories die.

We still with more than common haste of fate,
Are doom'd to perish, in thy kindled hate.
Our publick sins, for publick justice call
And stand like marks, on which thy judgments fall;
Our secret sins, that folly thought conceal'd,
Are in thy light, for punishment reveal'd.
Beneath the terrours of thy wrath divine
Our days unmix'd with happiness decline,
Like empty stories, tedious, short and vain,
And never, never more recall'd again.
Yet what were life, if to the longest date,
Which we have nam'd a life, we back'ned fate,

Alas

Alas its most computed length appears,
To reach the limits, but of sev'nty years,
And if by strength to fourscore years we go,
That strength is labour and that labour woe.
Then will thy term expire, and thou must fly
Oh man! Oh creature! surely born to die.
But who regards a truth so thoroughly known?
Who dreads a wrath so manifestly shewn?
Who seems to fear it, tho' the danger vies,
With any pitch to which our fear can rise:
O teach us so to number all our days,
That these reflections may correct our ways,
That these may lead us from delusive dreams
To walk in heav'nly wisdoms golden beams.

Return, Oh Lord, how long shall Israel sin,
How long thine anger, be preserv'd within?
Before our time's irrevocably past,
Be kind, be gracious, and return at last.
Let favour soon dispens'd our souls employ,
And still remembred favour, live in joy,

Send

33

Send years of comforts for our years of woes
 Send these, at least of equal length with those,
 Shine on thy flock, and on their offspring shine,
 With tender mercy (sweetest act divine)
 Bright rays of majesty serenely shed
 To rest in glories on the nation's head.
 Our future deeds with approbation bless,
 And in the giving them, give us success.

Thus with forgiveness earnestly desir'd
 Thus in the raptures of a bliss requir'd
 The man of God concludes his sacred strain,
 Now sit and see the subject once again.
 See gaily death, where desarts all around,
 Spread forth the barren undelightful ground:
 There stalks the silent melancholy shade,
 His naked bones reclining on a spade.
 And thrice the spade with solemn sadness heaves
 And thrice earth opens in the form of graves,
 His gates of darkness gape, to take him in,
 And where he soon wou'd sink, he's push'd by sin.

Poor

24 *PARNELL'S POEMS.*

Poor mortals! here, your common picture know,
 And with yourselves, in this acquainted grow,
 Through life, with airy, thoughtless pride you
 range,
 And vainly glitter in the sphere of change,
 A sphere where all things but for time remain,
 Where no fix'd stars with endless glory reign.
 But meteors only, short liv'd meteors rise,
 To shine, shoot down, and die beneath the skies.

There is an hour, ah! who that hour attends?
 When man, the gilded vanity, descend's
 When foreign force, or waste of inward heat,
 Constrain the soul to leave it's antient seat;
 When banish'd beauty from her empire flies,
 And with a languish leaves the sparkling eyes;
 When softning musick, and persuasion fail,
 And all the charms that in the tongue prevail;
 When spirits stop their course, when nerves unbrace,
 And outward action and perception cease;

'Tis

'Tis then the poor deform'd remains shall be,
That naked skeleton, we seem'd to see.

Make this thy mirrour, if thou wouldst have bliss,
No flatt'ring image shews itself in this ;
But such as lays the lofty looks of pride,
And makes cool thought, in humble channel glide ;
But such as clears the cheats of errors den,
Whence magick mists, surround the souls of men,
Whence self-delusion's train's, adorn their flight ;
As snow's fair feathers fleet to darken sight ;
Then rest, and in the work of fancy spread,
To gay-wav'd plumes for every mortal's head.
These empty forms when death appears, disperse
Or melt in tears, upon it's mournfull hearse
The sad reflection forces men to know,
Life surely fails and swiftly flies below,
Oh, lest thy folly lose the profit sought
Oh never touch it with a glancing thought,
As men to glasses come, and straight withdraw,
And straight forget, what sort of face they saw :

E

But

26 *PARNELL's POEMS.*

But fix intently fix, thine inward eyes,
 And in the strength of this great truth, be wise,
 If on the globe's dim side, our senses stray,
 Not us'd to perfect light, we think it day,
 Death seems long sleep, and hopes of heav'nly
 beams,

Deceitful wishes, big with distant dreams;
 But if our reason purge the carnal fight,
 And place it's objects in their juster light,

We change the side, from dreams on earth we
 move,
 And wake through death, to rising life above.

Here o'er my soul, a solemn silence reigns,
 Preparing thought for new celestial strains,
 The former vanish off, the new begin,
 The solemn silence stands like night between,
 In whose dark bosom day departing lies,
 And day succeeding takes a lovely rise.
 But tho' the song be chang'd, be still the flame,
 And still the prophet, in my lines the same,

With

With care renew'd, upon the children dwell,
Whose sinful fathers in the desert fell,
With care renew'd if any care can do,
Ah! lest they sin, and lest they perish too.

Go seek for *Moses* at yon sacred tent,
On which the PRESENCE makes a bright descent.
Behold the cloud, with radiant glory fair
Like a wreath'd pillar, curl its-self in air!
Behold it hov'ring just above the door,
And *Moses* meekly kneeling on the floor.
But if the gazing, turn thy edge of sight.
And darkness spring, from unsupported light,
Then change the sense, be sight in hearing drown'd,
While these strange accents from the vision sound!

The time, my servant, is approaching nigh,
When thou shalt gather'd with thy fathers lie,
And soon thy nation quite forgetful grown
Of all the glories which mine arm has shown,
Shall thro' my covenant perversely break,
Despise my worship, and my name forsake,

By

By customs conquer'd, where to rule they go,
 And serving gods that can't protect their foe.
 Displeas'd at this, I'll turn my face aside
 'Till sharp affliction's rod, reduce their pride;
 'Till brought to better mind, they seek relief,
 By good confessions in the midst of grief.
 Then write thy song to stand a witness still,
 Of favours past, and of my future will,
 For I their vain conceits before discern,
 Then write thy song which Israel's sons shall learn;

As thus the wond'rous voice it's charge repeats
 The PROPHEET musing deep within repeats,
 He seems to feel it on a streaming ray,
 Pierce through the soul enlight'ning all it's way,
 And much obedient will, and free desire,
 And much his love of Jacob's seed inspire;
 And much, Oh! much above the warmth of those,
 The sacred spirit in his bosom glows,
 Majestick NOTION seems decrees to nod,
 And holy TRANSPORT speaks the words of god.

He

He now returns, the finish'd roll he brings,
 Enrich'd with strains of past and future things;
 The priests in order to the tent repair,
 The gather'd TRIBES attend the elders there;
 Oh! sacred mercy's inexhausted store!
 Shall these have warning of their faults before,
 Shall these be told the recompenses due
 Shall heav'n and earth be call'd to witness too!
 Then still the tumult, if it will be so,
 Let fear, to lose a word, it's caution shew,
 Let close attention in dead calm appear,
 And softly, softly steal with silence near;
 While *Moses* rais'd above the list'ning throng,
 Pronounces thus in all their ears the SONG.

Hear, Oh ye heav'ns, creation's lofty shew,
 Hear, Oh thou heav'n-encompass'd earth below,
 As silver show'rs of gently dropping rain,
 As honey dews distilling on the plain,
 As rain, as dews, for tender grass design'd,
 So shall my speeches sink within the mind,

So

So sweetly turn the soul's enliv'ning food
So fill and cherish, hopeful seeds of good,
For now my numbers to the world abroad;
Will loudly celebrate the name of God.

Ascribe, thou nation, ev'ry favour'd tribe,
Excelling greatness, to the lord ascribe,
The lord! the rock! on whom we safely trust
Whose work is perfect; and whose ways are just;
The lord; whose promise stands for ever true
The lord! most righteous, and most holy too.

Ah! worse election! Ah the bonds of sin!
They chuse themselves, to take corruption in,
They stain their souls with vice's deepest blots
When only frailties, are his children's spots.
Their thoughts, words, actions all are run astray,
And none more crooked, more perverse than they,

Say rebel nation, and unwisely light,
Say will thy folly thus the lord requite
Or is he not the god who made thee free
Whose mercy purchas'd and establish'd thee?

Remember

Remember well the wond'rous days of old
The years of ages long before thee told,
Ask all thy fathers, who the truth will shew,
Or ask thine elders, for thine elders know.

When the most high with scepter pointed down,
Describ'd the Rhealms of each beginning crown,
When Adam's offspring, providential care,
To people countries scatter'd here and there ;
He to the Limits of their Lands confin'd,
That favour'd Israel has it's part assign'd,
For Israel is the Lord's and gains the place,
Reserv'd for those, whom he wou'd chuse to grace.

Him in the desert, him his mercy found,
Where famine dwells and howling deafs the ground,
Where dread is felt by savage noise increast,
Where solitude erects it's seat on waste,
And there he led him and he taught him there,
And safely kept him with a watchful care,
The tender apples of our heedful eye.
Not more in gaurd, nor more securely lye.

And

And as an eagle that attempts to bring
Her unexperienc'd young to trust the wing,
Stirs up her nest, and flutters o'er their heads,
And all the forces of her pinions spreads,
And takes and bears them on her plumes above
To give peculiar proof of royal love ;
'Twas so the Lord the gracious Lord alone,
With kindness most peculiar led his own ;
As no strange God concur'd to make him free,
So none had pow'r to lead him through but he.
To lands excelling lands and planted high,
That boasts the kindest influencing sky,
He brought he bore him, on the wings of Grace,
To taste the plenties of the Ground's increase ;
Sweet dropping honey from the rocky soil,
From flinty rocks the smoothly flowing oil,
The gilded butter from the stately Kine,
The milk with which the Duggs of sheep decline,
The marrow fatness of the tender lambs,
The bulky breed of basan's goats and Rams,

The

The finest flow'ry-wheat that crowns the plain,
 Distends it's husk, and loads the blade with grain,
 And still he drank from ripe delicious heaps
 Of clusters press'd, the purest blood of grapes.
 But thou art wanton fat and kickest now,
 Oh, well directed Oh, Jeshurun thou,
 Thou soon wer't fat thy sides were thickly grown,
 Thy fatness deeply cover'd every bone,
 Then wanton fulness vain Oblivion brought,
 And God that made and sav'd thee was forgot ;
 While Gods of foreign lands and writes abhor'd,
 To jealousies and anger mov'd the Lord ;
 While Gods thy Fathers never knew were own'd,
 And Fiends themselves with sacrifice atton'd.
 Oh ! Fools unmindful whence your order'd frame,
 And whence your life infusing spirit came ;
 Such strange corruptions cou'd his hate provoke,
 And thus their fate his indignation spoke.

It is decreed, I'll hide my face and see
 When I forsake them, what their end shall be ;

F

For

For they're a froward, very froward strain
They promise duty, but return disdain.
Within my soul they've rais'd a jealous flame,
By new nam'd Gods, and only Gods in name,
They make the burnings of my anger glow,
By guilty vanity's displaifing show ;
I'll also teach their jealousy to fret,
At such as are not form'd a people yet,
I'll make their anger vex their inward breast,
When such as have not known my laws are blest.
A fire a fire, that nothing can assuage
Is kindled in the fierceness of my rage,
To burn the depths, consume the lands encrease,
And on the mountains strong foundations seize,
Thick heaps of mischief on their heads I send,
And all mine arrows wing'd with fury spend,
Slow parching death and pestilential heat,
Shall bring the bitter pangs of ling'ring fate.
The teeth of beasts, shall swift destruction bring,
The serpents wound them with invenom'd sting,
The sword without, and dread within, consume
The youth and virgin, in their lovely bloom,

Weak

Weak tender infancy by suckling fed,
 And helpless age with hoary frosted head.
 I said I'd scatter all the sinful race
 I said I'd make it's meer remembrance cease,
 But that I fear'd the foes unruly pride,
 Their glory vaunted, and my pow'r deny'd,
 While thus they boast, our arm has shewn us
 brave
 And God did nothing, for he cou'd not save.
 So fond their thoughts are, so remote of sense
 And blind in ev'ry course of providence.
 O did they know to what my judgments tend!
 O wou'd they ponder on their latter end!
 The soon wou'd find, that when upon the field
 One makes a thousand, two, ten thousand yield,
 The Lord of Hosts has sold a rebel state
 And sure enclos'd it in the nets of fate,
 For what's another's rock compar'd with ours,
 Let them be judges that have prov'd their pow'rs,
 That on their own have vainly call'd for aid,
 While ours to freedom and to glory led,

F 2 Their

Their vine, indeed, may seem to flourish fair,
But yet it grows in Sodom's tainted air,
It sucks corruption from Gomorrah's fields,
And galls for grapes in bitter clusters yields.
And poison sheds for wine, like that which comes
From asps, and dragon's death-infected gums.
And are not these their hateful sins reveal'd,
And in my treasures for my justice seal'd?
To me the province of revenge belongs,
To me the certain recompence of wrongs,
Their feet shall totter in appointed time
And threat'ning danger overtake their crime,
For wing'd with feather'd haste the minutes fly,
To bring those things that must afflict them nigh.
The Lord will judge his own and bring them low,
And then repent, and turn upon the foe.
And when the judgments from his own remove
Will thus the foe convincingly reprove.
Where are the Gods, the rock, to whom in vain
Your off'rings have been made, your victims slain?
Let them arise, let them afford their aid,
And with protection's shield surround your head.

Know

Know then your MAKER, I the Lord am he,
 Nor ever was there any God with me,
 And death or life, or wounds or health I give
 Nor can another from my pow'r reprieve.
 With solemn state I lift my arm on high,
 Above the glories of the lofty sky ;
 And by self majestically swear,
 I live for ever, and forever there.
 If in my rage, the glitt'ring sword I whet ;
 And sternly sitting, take the judgment seat,
 My just awarding sentence dooms my foe,
 And vengeance wields the blade and gives the
 blow,
 And deep in flesh the blade of fury bites,
 And deadly deep my bearded arrow lights,
 And both grow drunk with blood defil'd in sin,
 When executions of revenge begin.

Then let his nation in a common voice,
 And with his nation, let the world rejoice.
 For whether he for crimes or tryals spill
 His servants blood, he will avenge it still ;

He'll

He'll break the troops, he'll scatter them afar
Who vex our Realm with desolating war,
And on the favour'd tribes and on the land,
Shed victories and peace, from mercy's hand.

Here ceas'd the song, and Israel look'd behind,
And gaz'd before, with unconfining mind,
And fix'd in silence and amazement saw
The strokes of all their state beneath the law.
Their recollection does its light present
To shew the mountain bless'd with God's descent,
To shew their wandrings their unfix'd abode
And all their guidance in the desert road.
Then where the beams of recollection go
To leave the fancy dispossest of show,
The fairer light of prophecy's begun
Which op'ning future days, supplies their sun.
By such a sun, (and fancy needs no more)
They see the coming times and walk them o'er,
And now they gain that rest their travail sought,
Now milk and honey stream along the thought,

Anon

Anon they feel their souls, the blessing cloy
 And God's forgot in full excess of joy.
 And oft they sin, and oft his anger burns
 And ev'ry Nation's made their scourge by turns;
 Till oft repenting, they convert to God,
 And he repenting too, destroys the rod.

O nation timely warn'd in sacred strain,
 O never let thy MOSES sing in vain,
 Dare to be good and happiness prolong,
 Or if thy folly will fulfil the song,
 At least be found the seldomer in ill,
 And still repent, and soon repent thee still.
 When such fair paths thou shalt avoid to tread,
 Thy blood will rest upon thy sinful head,
 Thy crime by lasting will secure thy foe,
 The gracious warning to the Gentiles go,
 And all the world, that's call'd to witness here
 Convinc'd by thine example, learn to fear.
 The gentle world a mistick Israel grown
 Will in thy first condition find their own,

A God's

A God's descent, a pilgrimage below,
And promis'd rest where living waters flow,
They'll see the pen, describe in ev'ry trace
The frowns of anger, or the smiles of grace,
Why mercy turns aside and leave to shine,
What cause provokes the jealousy divine.
Why justice kindles dire avenging flames,
What endless pow'r the lifted arm proclaims,
Why mercy shines again with cheerful ray,
And glory double-gilds the lightsome day.
Tho' nations change and Israel's empire dies,
Yet still the case on earth again may rise,
Eternal providence its rule retains,
And still preserves and still applies the strains,

'Twas such a gift, the prophet's sacred pen,
On his departure, left the sons of men.
Thus he, and thus the swan her breath resigns
(Within the beauty of poetick lines,)
He white with innocence, his figure she,
And both harmonious, but the sweeter he.

Death

Death learns to charm, and while it leads to bliss,
Has found a lovely circumstance in this,
To suit the meekest turn of easy mind,
And actions chearful in an air resign'd.

Thou flock whom Moses to thy freedom led,
How wilt thou lay the venerable dead?
Go (if thy fathers taught a work they knew)
Go build a Pyramid to glory due,
Square the broad base, with sloping sides arise
And let the point diminish in the skies
There leave the corps, impending o'er his head
The wand whose motion, winds, and waves
obey'd.
On sable banners to the sight describe
The painted arms of ev'ry mourning tribe
And thus may publick grief adorn the tomb
Deep-streaming downwards through the vaulted
room.

On the black Stone, a fair inscription raise,
That sums his Government, to speak his praise,

G

And

And may the stile as brightly worth proclaim
As if affection with a pointed beam
Engrav'd or fir'd the words, or honour due
Had with it self inlaid the tablet through.

But stop the pomp that is not man's to pay,
For God will grace him in a nobler way,
Mine eyes perceive an orb of heav'nly state,
With splendid forms and light serene repleat,
I hear the sound of flutt'ring wings in air,
I hear the tuneful tongues of angels there :
They fly, they bear, they rest on Nebo's head,
And in thick glory wrap the rev'rend dead,
This errand crowns his songs and tends to prove,
His near communion with the Quire above.
Now swiftly down the steepy mount they go,
Now swiftly glides their shining orb below,
And now moves off, where rising grounds deny
To spread their valley to the distant Eye ;
Ye bless'd inhabitants of glitt'ring air,
You've born the Prophet but we know not where.

Perhaps

Perhaps least Israel over fondly led,
 In rating worth when envy leaves the dead;
 Might plant a grove invent new rites divine,
 Make him their idol and his grave the shrine,
 But what disorder? what repels the light?
 And e're it's season forces on the night?
 Why sweep the spectres o'er the blasted ground?
 What shakes the mount with hollow-roaring sound?
 Hell roll's beneath it, terror stalks before
 With shrieks and groans, and horror burst's a door;
 And satan rises in infernal state,
 Drawn up by malice, envy, rage and hate,
 A dark'ning vapour with sulphureous steam,
 In Pitchy curlings edg'd by sullen flame,
 And fram'd a chariot for the dreadful form,
 Drives whirling up on mad confusion's storm.

Then fiercely burning where the prophet dy'd,
 Nor shall thy nation scape my wrath, he cry'd;
 This corps I'll enter and thy flock mislead,
 And all thy miracles my lies shall aid,

But where?---He's gone, and by the scented sky,
 The fav'rite courtiers have been lately nigh,
 Oh, flow to business curs'd in mischiefs hour,
 Trace on their Odours and if hell has pow'r,
 This said with spite and with a bent for ill,
 He shot with fury from the trembling hill.

In vain proud fiend thy threats are half exprest,
 And half lye choaking in thy scornful breast,
 His shining bearers have perform'd their right,
 And laid him softly down in shades of night,
 A warrior heads the band great Michael he,
 Renown'd for victories in wars with thee,
 A sword of flame to stop thy course he bears,
 Nor has thy rage avail'd nor can thy snares,
 The Lord rebuke thy pride he meekly cries,
 The Lord has heard him and thy project dies.

Here MOSES leaves my song the tribes retire,
 The desert flies and forty years expire;
 And now my fancy for a while be still,
 And think of coming down from NEBO's hill.

Go search among thy forms and thence prepare,
 A cloud in folds of soft surrounding air :
 Go find a Breeze to lift thy cloud on high,
 To waft thee gently-rock'd in open sky,
 Then stealing back to leave a silent calm,
 And thee reposing in a grove of Palm.
 The place will suit my next succeeding strain,
 And i'll awake thee soon to sing again.

DEBORAH,

TIME fire of years unfold thy leaf a new,
 And still the past recall to present view,
 Spread forth thy circles swiftly gaze them o'er,
 But where an action's nobly sung before,
 There stop and stay for me whose thoughts design,
 To make another's song resound in mine.
 Pass where the priest's procession bore the law,
 When Jordan's parted waters fix'd with awe,
 While Israel march'd upon the naked sand,
 Admir'd the wonder and obtain'd the land,

Slide

Slide through the num'rous fates of canaan's kings,
While conquests rode on expedition's wings,
Glance over Israel at a single view,
In Bondage oft and oft unbound a new,
Till JABIN rise and Deb'rah stand enrol'd,
Upon the gilded leaf's revolving fold.

Oh, king subdu'd, Oh! woman born to fame,
Oh wake my fancy for the glorious theme;
Oh wake my fancy with the sense of praise,
Oh wake with warblings of triumphant lays.
The land you rise in sultry furs invade,
But when you rise to sing you'll find a shade.
Those trees in order and with verdure crown'd,
The sacred prophetesses tent surround,
And that fair palm a front exactly plac'd,
That overtops and overspreads the rest,
Near the firm root a mossy bank supports,
Where JUSTICE opens unexpensive courts,
There Deb'rah sits the willing tribes repair,
Refer their causes and she judges there;

Nor

Nor needs a guard to bring her subjects in,
Each grace each virtue proves a guard unseen,
Nor wants the penalties enforcing law,
While great OPINION gives effectual awe.

Now twenty years that roll'd in heavy pain,
Saw Jabin gall them with oppressions chain,
When she submissive to divine command
Proclaims a war for freedom o'er the land,
And bids young Baruck with those men descend,
Whom in the mountains he for battle train'd,
Go says the prophets thy foes assail,
Go make ten thousand over all prevail ;
Make Jabin's captains feel thine edged sword,
Make all his army, God has spoke the word.
He fit for war and Israel's hope in fight,
Yet doubts the number and by that the Fight,
Then thus replies with wish to stand secure,
Or eager thought to know the conquest sure ;
Belov'd of God, lend thou thy presence too,
And I with gladness lead th' appointed few ;
But

But if thou wilt not let thy son deny,
For what's ten thousand men or what am I?
If so she crys a share of toil be mine,
Another share and some dishonour thine,
For God to punish doubt resolves to shew,
That less than numbers can suppress his foe,
You'll move to conquer and the foes to yield,
But 'tis a woman's act secures the field.

Now seem the warriors in their ranks assign'd,
Now furling banners flutter in the wind,
Her words encourage and his actions lead,
Hope spurs them forward, valour draws the blade,
And freedom like a fair reward for all
Stands reaching forth her hands and seems to call.

On t'other side and almost o'er the plain,
Proud SIS'RA, JABIN'S captain brings his men,
As thick as Locusts on the vintage fly,
As thick as scatter'd leaves in autumn lye,
Bold with success against a nation try'd,
And proud of numbers and secure in pride.

Now

Now found the trumpet now my fancy warms,
 And now methinks I view their toils in arms,
 The lively PHANTOMS tread my boundless mind,
 And no faint colours or weak strokes design'd,
 See where in distant conquest from afar,
 The pointed arrows bring the wounds of war,
 See where the lines with closer force engage,
 And thrust the spear and whirl the sword of rage,
 Here brake the files and vainly strive to close,
 There on their own repell'd assist their foes.
 Here DEB'RAH calls and JABIN's soldiers fly,
 There BARACK fights and JABIN's soldiers dye.
 But now nine hundred chariots roll along,
 Expert their guiders and their horses strong,
 And TERROUR ratling in their fierce array,
 Bears down on ISRAEL to restore the Day,
 Oh, Lord of battles Oh, the danger's near!
 Assist thine Israel or they perish here.
 How swift is mercy's aid behold it fly,
 On rushing tempests thro' the troubled sky,
 With dashing rain with pelting hail they blow,
 And sharply drive them on the facing foe.

H

Thus

Thus bless'd with help, and only touch'd behind
The fav'rite nation presses in the wind.
But heat of action now disturbs the fight
And wild confusion mingles all the fight ;
Cold-whist'ling winds, and shrieks of dying men,
And groans and armour, found in all the plain.
The bands of Canaan, fate no longer dare,
Oppress'd by weather and destroy'd by war,
And from his chariot whence he rul'd the fight,
Their haughty leader leaps to join the flight.
See where he flies, and see the victor near
See rapid conquest in pursuit of fear,
See, see, they both make off the work is o'er,
And fancy clear'd of vision as before.
Thus (if the mind of man may seem to move
With some resemblance of the skies above)
When Wars are gath'ring in our hearts below,
We've seen their battles in ethereal shew :
The long distended tracts of opening sky,
The phantoms azure field of fight supply ;

The

The Whitish clouds an argent armour yield,
A radiant blazon gilds their argent shield;
Young glitt'ring comets point the level'd spear,
Which for their PENNONS hang their flaming
hair.

And o'er the helms for gallant glory drest
Sit curls of air and nod upon the crest,
Thus arm'd they seem to march and seem to fight
And seeming wounds of death delude the sight,
The ruddy-thunder-clouds look stain'd with gore
And for the din of war within they roar.
Then fly's aside, and then aside pursues
Till in their motion all their shapes they loose,
Dispersing air concludes the mimick scene,
The sky shuts up, and swiftly clears again.

But does their SIS'RA share the common fate
Or mourn his humbled pride in dark retreat?
With such enquiry near the palm repair,
Victorious HONOUR knows and tells it there.

To that fair type of Israel's late success
Which nobly rises as its weights depress,
To that fair type returns the joyful band
Whose courage rose to free their groaning land,
There stands the leader in the pomp of arms,
There stands the judge in beauty's awful charms,
And whilst reclin'd upon the resting spear
He pants with chace and breaths in calmer air
Her thoughts are working with a backward view
And wou'd in song the great exploit renew.
She sees an arm'd oppression's hundred hands
Impose its fetters on the promis'd lands.
She sees their nation struggling in the chains
And wars arising with unequal trains.
She sees their fate in arms, the field imbru'd,
The foe disorder'd, and the foe pursu'd,
Till CONQUEST drest in rays of glory come
With PEACE and freedom brought in triumph
home.
Then round her heart a beamy gladness plays
Which darting forward, thus converts to praise.

For

For Israel's late avengings on the foe
When led by no compelling pow'r below,
When each spring forward of their own accord,
For this, for all the mercy praise the Lord.

Hear O ye kings, ye neighb'ring princes hear,
My song triumphant shall instruct your fear,
My song triumphant bids your glory bow,
To God confess'd, the God of Jacob now.

O glorious Lord ! when with thy sovereign hand,
Thou led the nation off from Edom's land,
Then trembled earth, and shook the heav'ns on
high
And clouds in drops, forsook the melted sky,
With tumbling waters hills were heard to roar
And felt such shocks as SINAI felt before.
But fear abating, which by time decays,
The kings of Canaan rose in Shamgar's days,
And still continued in JAEL's times
Their empire fixing with successful crimes.

Oppression

Oppression ravag'd all our lost abodes
 Nor dare the people trust the common roads,
 But paths perplex'd and unfrequented chose,
 To shun the danger of perplexing foes.
 Thus direful was deform'd the country round,
 Unpeopled towns, and disimprov'd the ground,
 Till I resolving in the gap to stand,
 I DEB'RAH rose a mother of the land,
 Where others slaves by settled custom grown,
 Cou'd serve and chuse to serve the Gods unknown,
 Where others suffer'd with a tame regret
 Destruction spilling blood in ev'ry gate,
 And forty thousand had not for the field
 One spear offensive, or defensive shield,

O tow'rds the leaders of my Nation move,
 O beat my warming heart with sense of love,
 Commend th' Asserters on their own accord,
 And bless the sov'raign causer, bless the Lord,

Speak ye that ride with pow'r return'd in state
 Speak ye the praise that rule the judgment seat,

Speak

Speak ye the praise to God that walk the roads,
While safety brings you to restor'd abodes.

The rescu'd villagers no more affraid
Of archers lurking in the faithless shade,
And sudden death convey'd from sounding strings;
Shall safe approach the waters rising springs;
And while their turns of drawing there they wait,
Loit'ring in ease upon a mossy seat,
Call all the blessings of the Lord to mind,
And sing the Lord in all the blessings kind.
The townsmen rescu'd from the tyrant's reign
Shall flock with joy to fill their walls again,
See JUSTICE in the gates the ballance bear
And none but her unsheath a weapon there.

Awake O Deb'rah, O awake to praise
Awake and utter forth triumphant lays.
Arise O Barack, be thy pomp begun
Lead on thy triumph thou ABINOAM's son;
Thy captives bound in chains when God's decree
Made humbl'd princes stoop their necks to thee,

When

When he the giver of success in fight,
Advanc'd a woman o'er the sons of might,

Against this Amaleck of banded foes,
I Deb'rah root of all the war arose,
From Ephraim sprung, and leading Ephraim's
line,

The next in rising BENJAMIN, was thine.
The ruling heads of half Manasseh's land,
To serve in danger, left their safe command.
The tribe of Zebulon's unactive men
For glorious arms forsook the peaceful pen,
The Lords of Issachar with Deb'rah went,
The tribe with Barack to the vale was sent,
Where he on foot perform'd the General's part,
And shar'd the soldier's toil to raise their heart.

But Reuben's strange divisions justly wrought
Amongst his brethren, deep concern of thought.
Ah! while the nation in affliction lay
How couldst thou Reuben by the sheepfolds stay?

And

And let thy bleating flock divert thy days
That id'ly pass'd thee with inglorious ease.
Divided tribe without thy dangers free,
Deep were the searchings of our heart for thee,
Our GILEAD too, by such example sway'd,
With unconcern beyond the river stay'd,
And DAN in ships at sea for safety rode,
And frighten'd ASHER in its rocks abode.

Now sing the Field, the feats of war begun
And praise thy NAPTHALI with Zebulun,
To deaths expos'd in posts advanc'd they stood
With souls resolv'd and gallant rage of blood.
Then came the kings and fought, the gather'd
kings

By waters streaming from MEGIDDO's springs
In TAANACH vale sustain'd the daring toil,
Yet neither fought for pay, nor won the spoil,
The skies indulgent in the cause of right,
On Israel's side, against their army fight,
In evil aspects stars and planets range,
And by the weather in tempestuous change

Promote the dire distress, and make it known
That God has HOSTS above to save his own.
The KISHON swell'd, grew rapid as they fled
And roll'd them sinking down its sandy bed.
O river KISHON, river of renown!
And O my soul that trod their glory down!
The stony paths, by which disorder'd flight
Convey'd their troops and chariots from the fight,
With rugged points, their horses hoofs distress'd,
And broke them prancing in impetuous haste.

Curse; curse ye MEROZ curse the town ab-
hor'd,

(So spake the glorious angel of the Lord)
For MEROZ came not in the field prepar'd
To join that side on which the Lord declar'd.
But bless ye JAEL, be the KENITES Name
Above our women's bless'd in endless fame.
The captain faint with sore fatigue of flight
Implor'd for water to support his might,
And milk she pour'd him, while he water fought
And in her lordly dish her butter brought.

With

With courage well deserving to prevail,
 One hand the hammer held, and one the nail,
 And him reclin'd to sleep, she boldly flew
 She smote, she pierc'd, she struck the temples
 through.

Before her feet reluctant on the clay,
 He bow'd, he fell, he bow'd, he fell, he lay,
 He bow'd, he fell, he dy'd. By such degrees
 As thrice she struck, each stroak's effect she sees.

His mother gaz'd with long-expecting eyes ;
 And grown impatient, through the lattice cries,
 Why moves the chariot of my son so slow ?
 Or what affairs retard his coming so ?
 Her ladies answer'd——but she wou'd not stay,
 (For pride had taught what flatt'ry meant to say)
 They've sped she says, and now the prey they
 share,

For each a damsel, or a lovely pair,
 For Sifra's part a robe of gallant grace,
 Where diverse colours rich embroid'ry trace,

Meet for the necks of those who in the spoil
When triumph offers its reward for toil.

Thus perish all whom Gods decrees oppose
Thus like the vanquish'd, perish all thy foes,
But let the men that in thy name delight
Be like the sun in heav'nly glory bright.
When mounted on the dawn he posts away
And with full strength encreases on the day.

'Twas here the prophets respir'd from song,
Then loudly shouted all the chearful throng,
By freedom gain'd, by victory compleat,
Prepar'd for mirth irregularly great.
The frowns of sorrow gave their ancient place
To pleasure drawn in smiles on ev'ry face.
The groans of slav'ry were no longer wrung,
But thoughts of comfort from the blessing sprung.
And as they shouted from the breezy west,
Amongst the plumes that deck the fingers crest
The spirit of applause it self convey'd
On wafted air, and lightly waving play'd,

Such

Such was the case, (or such ideas flow,
 From thought replenish'd with triumphant shew.)
 What rais'd their joy their love cou'd also raise
 And each contended in the words of praise,
 And ev'ry word proclaim'd the wonders past,
 And God was still the first and still the last,
 Deep in their souls the fair impressi^on lay,
 Deep-trac'd and never to be worn away.

From hence the rescu'd generation still
 Abhorr'd the practice of rebellious ill
 And fear'd the punishment for ill abhorr'd,
 And lov'd repentance and ador'd the Lord.

From hence in all their days the lord was kind,
 His face serene with settl'd favour shin'd,
 Fair banish'd ORDER was recall'd in state
 The laws reviv'd, the princes rul'd the gate,
 Peace chear'd the vales, contentment laugh'd with
 peace
 Gay-blooming plenty rose with large encrease,
 Sweet mercy those who thought on mercy blest,
 And so for forty year the land had rest.

Rest

62 *PARNELL's POEMS.*

Rest happy land a while, ah longer so,
Didst thou thine happiness sincerely know !
But soon thy quiet with thy goodness past,
And in the song alone obtain'd to last.

Live song triumphant, live in fair record
And teach succeeding times to fear the lord ;
For fancy moves by bright example woo'd
And wins the mind with images of good.
Touch'd with a sacred rage and heav'nly flame,
I strive to sing thine universal aim.
To quit the subject, and in lays sublime
The moral fit for any point of time.
Then go my verses with applying strain
Go form a triumph not ascrib'd to men.

Let all the clouds of grief impending lye
And storms of TROUBLE drive along the sky,
Then humble PIETY thine accents raise
For prayer will prove the pow'rful charm of ease,

Lo now my soul has spoke its best desires,
How blessings answer what the prayer requires.

Before

Before thy sighs the clouds of grief retreat,
The storms of trouble by thy tears abate,
And radiant glory from her upper sphere
Looks down and glitters in relented air.

Rise lovely Piety from earthy bed,
The parted flame descends upon thine head,
This wond'rous MITRE fram'd by sacred love
And for thy triumph sent thee from above,
In two bright points with upper rays aspires
And rounds thy temples with innocuous fires.
Rise lovely Piety, with pomp appear,
And thou kind MERCY lend thy chariot here,
On either side, fair fame and honour place,
Behind let plenty walk in hand with peace,
While IRRELIGION mutt'ring horred sound,
With fierce and proud oppression backward bound
Drag by the wheels along the dusty plain
And gnashing lick the ground and curse with pain.

Now come ye thousands and more thousands yet
With order join to fill the train of state,

Souls

Souls tun'd for praising to the temple bring,
 And thus amidst the sacred musick sing.
 Hail PIETY ! triumphant goodness hail !
 Hail O prevailing ever O prevail !
 At thine entreaty JUSTICE leaves to frown
 And wrath appeasing lays the thunder down,
 The tender heart of yearning MERCY burns
 Love asks a blessing and the Lord returns,
 In his great name that heav'n and earth has made
 In his great name alone we find our aid,
 Then bless the Name, and let the world adore
 From this time forward, and for evermore.

HANNAH.

NOW crouds move off, retiring trumpets
 found

On eccho's dying in their last rebound,
 The notes of fancy seem no longer strong
 But sweet'ning closes fit a private song.
 So when the storms forsake the seas command,
 To break their forces in the winding land,

No

No more their blasts tumult'ous rage proclaim,
But sweep in murmours o'er a murm'ring stream;

Then seek the subject, and its song be mine
Whose numbers mixt in sacred story shine :
Go brightly-working thought, prepar'd to fly,
Above the page on hov'ring pinnions lye
And beat with stronger force to make thee rise
Where beauteous HANNAH meets the searching
eyes.

There frame a town and fix a tent with cords
The town be SHILOH call'd, the tent the Lord's.
Carv'd pillars filleted with silver rear,
To close the curtains in an outward square,
But those within it which the porch uphold,
Be finely wrought and overlaid with gold.

Here Eli comes to take the resting seat,
Slow moving forward with a rev'rend gate,
Sacred in office venerably sage,
And venerably great in silver'd age.

K

Here

Here HANNAH comes a melancholy wife
 Reproach'd for barren in the marriage life,
 Like summer mornings she to fight appears,
 Bedew'd and shining in the midst of tears.
 Her heart in bitterness of grief she bow'd,
 And thus her wishes to the Lord she vow'd,
 If thou thine handmaid with compassion see,
 If I, my God ! am not forgot by thee,
 If in mine offspring thou prolong my line,
 The child I wish for all his days be thine,
 His life devoted in thy courts be led,
 And not a razor come upon his head.

So from recesses of her inmost soul,
 Through moving lips her still devotion stole :
 As silent waters glide through parted trees,
 Whose branches tremble with a rising breeze.
 The words were lost because her heart was low,
 But free desire had taught the Mouth to go ;
 This ELI mark'd and with a voice severe,
 While yet she multiply'd her thoughts in prayer,

How

How long shall wine he crys distract thy breast,
Begone and lay the drunken fit by rest.

Ah! says the mourner count not this for sin,
It is not wine but grief that works within,
The spirit of thy wretched hand-maid know,
Her prayers complaint, and her condition woe,
Then spake the sacred priest, in peace depart,
And with thy comfort God fulfill thine heart,
His blessing thus pronounc'd with awful sound,
The vor'ry bending leaves the solemn ground,
She seems confirm'd the Lord has heard her cries,
And chearful hope the tears of trouble dry's,
And makes her alter'd eyes irradiate roll,
With Joy that dawns in thought upon the soul.

Now let the town and tent and court remain,
And leap the time till HANNAH comes again.
As painted prospects skip along the green,
From hills to mountains eminently seen,
And leave their intervals that sink below,
In deep retreat and unexpress'd to shew.

Behold! she comes (but not as once she came,
To grieve to sigh and teach her eyes to stream,)
Content adorns her with a lively face,
An open look and smiling kind of grace;
Her little SAMUEL in her arms she bears,
The wish of long desire and child of pray'rs,
And as the sacrifice she brought begun,
To rev'rend ELI she presents her son.
Here, crys the mother here my Lord may see,
The woman come who pray'd in grief by thee,
The child I su'd for, God in bounty gave,
And what he granted let him now receive.

But still the votry feels her temper move,
With all the tender violence of love,
That still enjoys the gift and inly burns,
To search for larger or for more returns.
Then fill'd with blessings which allure to praise,
And rais'd by joy to soul-enchanting lays,
Thus thanks the Lord beneficently kind,
In sweet effusions of the grateful mind.

My

My lifting heart with more than common heat,
Sends up its thanks to God on ev'ry beat,
My glory rais'd above the reach of scorn,
To God exhorts it's highly-planted horn,
My mouth enlarg'd mine enemies defy's,
And finds in God's salvation full replies.
Oh, bright in holy beauty's pow'r divine,
There's none whose glory can compare with thine!
None share thine honours nay there's none beside,
No rock on which thy creatures can confide.

Ye proud in spirit who your gifts adore,
Unlearn the faults and speak with pride no more;
No more your words in arrogance be shewn,
Nor call the works of providence your own,
Since he that rules us infinitely knows,
And as he will his acts of pow'r dispose.

The strong whose sinewy forces arch'd the bow,
Have seen it shatter'd by the conqu'ring foe,
The weak have felt their nerves more firmly brace,
And new-sprung vigour in the limbs encrease.

The

The FULL whom vary'd tastes of plenty fed,
 Have let their labour out to gain their bread.
 The POOR that languish'd in a starving state,
 Content and full, have ceas'd to beg their meat.
 The BARREN womb no longer barren now,
 (Oh, be my thanks accepted with my vow!)
 In pleasure wonders at a Mother's pain,
 And sees her offspring and conceives again,
 While she that glory'd in her num'rous heirs,
 Now broke by feebleness no longer bears.

Such turns their rising from the Lord derive,
 The Lord that kills, the Lord that makes alive,
 He brings by sickness down to gaping graves,
 And by restoring health from sickness saves.
 He makes the Poor by keeping back his store,
 And makes the Rich by blessing men with more,
 He sinking hearts with bitter grief annoys,
 Or lifts them bounding with enliven'd joys.

He takes the Beggar from his humble clay,
 From off the Dunghill where despis'd he lay,

To

To mix with Princes in a rank supreme,
 Fill thrones of honour and inherit fame.
 For all the pillars of exalted state,
 So nobly firm so beautifully great,
 Whose various orders bear the rounded ball,
 Which wou'd without them to confusion fall,
 All are the Lords at his disposure stand,
 And prop the govern'd world at his command.

His mercy still more wonderfully sweet,
 Shall guard the righteous and uphold their feet,
 While through the darkness of the wicked soul,
 Amusement, dread, and desperation roll,
 While envy stops their tongues and hopeless grief,
 That sees their fears, but not their fears relief.
 And they their strength as unavailing view
 Since none shall trust in that and safety too.

The foes of ISRAEL, for his ISRAEL's sake
 God will to pieces in his anger break;
 His bolts of thunder from an open'd sky
 Shall on their heads with force unerring fly.

His

His voice shall call, and all the world shall hear,
And all for sentence at his seat appear.

But mount to gentler praises, mount again
My thoughts prophetick of MESSIAH's reign,
Perceive the glories which around him shine,
And thus thine hymn be crown'd with grace divine.

'Tis here the numbers find a bright repose,
The vows accepted and the vot'ry goes.
But thou my soul upon her accents hung
And sweetly pleas'd with what she sweetly sung,
Prolong the pleasure with thine inward eyes,
Turn back thy thoughts, and see the subject rise.

In her peculiar case, the song begun,
And for a while through private blessings run,
As through their banks the curling waters play
And soft in murmurs kiss the flow'ry way,
With force encreasing then she leaps the bounds,
And largely flows on more extended grounds,
Spreads wide and wider, 'till vast seas appear
And boundless views of PROVIDENCE are here.

How

How swift these views along her anthem glide,
 As waves on waves push forward in the tide ?
 How swift thy wonders o'er my fancy sweep,
 O PROVIDENCE thou great unfathom'd deep !
 Where resignation gently dips the wing
 And learns to love and thank, admire and sing,
 But bold PRESUMPTUOUS reasonings diving
 down
 To reach the bottom, in their diving drown.

Neglecting man forgetful of thy ways,
 Nor owns thy care, nor thinks of giving praise,
 But from himself his happiness derives,
 And thanks his wisdom, when by thine he thrive's,
 His limbs at ease in soft repose he spreads,
 Bewitch'd with vain delights on flow'ry beds,
 And while his sense the fragrant breezes kiss,
 He meditates a waking dream of bliss,
 He thinks of kingdoms, and their crowns are near,
 He thinks of glories and their rays appear ;
 He thinks of BEAUTIES, and a lovely face
 Serenely smiles in ev'ry taking grace ;

L

He

He thinks of RICHES and their heaps arise
Display their glitt'ring forms and fix his eyes ;
Thus drawn with pleasures in a charming view
Rising he reaches and wot'd fain pursue.
But still the fleeting shadows mock his care
And still his fingers grasp at yielding air,
What e're our tempers as their comforts want
It is not man's to take but God's to grant.
If then perishing in the vain design
We look for blifs without an help divine,
We still may search, and search without relief,
Nor only want a blifs, but find a grief.
That such conviction may to fight appear,
Sit down ye sons of men spectators here,
Behold a scene upon your folly wrought,
And let this lively scene instruct the thought.

Boy blow the pipe until the bubble rise,
Then cast it off to float upon the skies,
Still swell it's sides with breath — O beauteous frame,
It grows, it shines, be now the world thy name,
Methinks

Methinks creation forms it's self within,
 The men, the towns, the birds, the trees are seen,
 The skies above present an azure show,
 And lovely verdure paints an earth below.
 I'll wind myself in this delightful sphere,
 And live a thousand years of pleasure there,
 Roll'd up in blisses, which around me close,
 And now regal'd with these, and now with those.
 False hope, but falser words of joy, farewell,
 You've rent the lodging where I meant to dwell,
 My bubbles burst my prospects disappear
 And leave behind a moral and a tear.
 If at the type our dreaming souls awake
 And HANNAH'S strains their just impression make,
 The boundless pow'r of providence we know
 And fix our trust on nothing here below.
 Then he grown pleas'd that men his greatness own
 Looks down serenely from his starry throne,
 And bids the blessed days our prayers have won
 Put on their glories and prepare to run.

For which our thanks be justly sent above
Enlarg'd by gladness and inspir'd with love;
For which his praises be for ever sung,
O sweet employment of the grateful tongue.

Burst forth my temper in a godly flame,
For all his blessings, laud his holy name;
That e'er mine eyes saluted chearful day,
A gift devoted in the womb I lay,
Like SAMUEL vow'd, before my breath I drew,
O cou'd I prove, in life like Samuel too!
That all my frame is exquisitely wrought,
The world enjoy'd by sense, and God by thought;
That living streams through living channels glide,
To make this frame by nature's course abide;
That for it's good, by providence's care,
Fire joins with water, earth concurs with air;
That MERCY's ever inexhausted store
Is pleas'd to proffer, and to promise more,
And all the proffers stream with grace divine
And all the promises with glory shine.

O Praise

O Praise the lord my soul in one accord
 Let all that is within me praise the lord,
 O Praise the lord my soul, and ever strive
 To keep the sweet remembrances alive.
 Still raise the kind affections of thine heart,
 Raise ev'ry gratefull word to bear a part,
 With ev'ry word the strains of love devise,
 Awake thine harp, and thou thyself arise,
 Then if his MERCY be not half express'd
 Let wond'ring SILENCE magnify the rest.

D A V I D.

MY thought on views of admiration hung,
 Intently ravish'd and depriv'd of tongue
 Now darts a while on earth, a while in air,
 Here mov'd with praise and mov'd with glory there;
 The joys entrancing and the mute surprize
 Half fix the blood, and dim the moist'ning eyes,
 Pleasure and praise on one another break;
 An Exclamation longs at heart to speak;
 When

78 *PARNELL's POEMS.*

When thus my Genius on the work design'd
Awaiting closely, guides the wand'ring mind.

If while thy thanks wou'd in thy lays be wrought
A bright astonishment involve the thought,
If yet thy temper wou'd attempt to sing,
Another's quill shall imp thy feeble wing ;
Behold the name of royal David near,
Behold his musick and his measures here,
Whose harp DEVOTION in a rapture strung,
And left no state of pious souls unsung.

Him to the wond'ring world but newly shewn,
Celestial poetry pronounc'd her own ;
A thousand hopes, on clouds adorn'd with rays,
Bent down their little beauteous forms to gaze ;
Fair-blooming INNOCENCE with tender years,
And native SWEETNESS for the ravish'd ears
Prepar'd to smile within his early song,
And brought their rivers, groves, and plains along :
Majestick HONOUR at the palace bred,
Enrob'd in white, embroider'd o'er with red ;

Reach'd

Reach'd forth the scepter of her royal fate,
 His forehead touch'd, and bid his lays be great,
 Undaunted COURAGE deck'd with manly charms,
 With waving-azure plumes, and gilded arms ;
 Displaid the glories, and the toils of fight
 Demanded fame, and call'd him forth to write.
 To perfect these the sacred spirit came,
 By mild infusion of celestial flame,
 And mov'd with dove-like candour in his breast,
 And breath'd his graces over all the rest.
 Ah ! where the daring flights of men aspire,
 To match his numbers with an equal fire ;
 In vain they strive to make proud BABEL rise,
 And with an earth-born labour touch the skies,
 While I the glitt'ring page resolve to view,
 That will the subject of my lines renew ;
 The Laurel wreath, my fames imagin'd shade,
 Around my beating temples fears to fade ;
 My fainting fancy trembles on the brink
 And DAVID's God must help or else I sink.

As

As rolling rivers in their channels flow,
Swift from aloft, but on the level flow ;
Or rage in rocks, or glide along the plains,
So just so copious move the Psalmist's strains ;
So sweetly vary'd with proportion'd heat,
So gently clear or so sublimely great,
While nature's seen in all her forms to shine,
And mix with beauties drawn from truth divine ;
Sweet beauties (sweet affections endless rill,)
That in the soul like honey drops distil.

Hail holy spirit, hail supremely kind,
Whose inspirations thus enlarg'd the mind ;
Who taught him what the gentle shehperd sings
What rich expressions suit the port of kings ;
What daring words describe the soldiers heat,
And what the prophet's extasies relate ;
Nor let his worst condition be forgot,
In all this splendour of exulted thought.
On one thy diff'rent sorts of graces fall,
Still made for each, of equall force in all,

And

And while from heav'nly courts he feels a flame,
He sings the place from whence the blessing came;
And makes his inspirations sweetly prove,
The tuneful subject of the mind they move.

Immortal spirit light of life instil'd
Who thus the bosom of a mortal fill'd,
Tho' weak my voice and tho' my light be dim,
Yet fain I'd praise thy wond'rous gifts in him;
Then since thine aid's attracted by desire,
And they that speak thee right must feel thy fire;
Vouchsafe a portion of thy grace divine,
And raise my voice and in my numbers shine;
I sing of David, David sings of thee,
Assist the Psalmist, and his work in me.

But now my verse arising on the wing,
What part of all thy subject wilt thou sing?
How fire thy first attempt, in what resort
Of PALESTINA's plains, or SALEM's court?
Where as his hands, the solemn measure play'd,
Curs'd fiends with torment and confusion fled.

M

Where

Where at the rosy spring of chearful light
(If pious fame record tradition right)
A soft Efflation of celestial fire,
Came like a rushing breeze and shook the Lyre ;
Still sweetly giving ev'ry trembling string,
So much of sound as made him wake to sing.

Within my view the country first appears,
The country first enjoy'd his youthful years,
Then frame thy shady Landscapes in my strain,
Some conscious mountain or accustom'd plain ;
Where by the waters, on the grass reclin'd,
With notes he rais'd, with notes he calm'd his
mind ;
For through the paths of rural life I'll stray,
And in his pleasures paint a shepherds day.

With grateful sentiments with active will,
With voice exerted, and enliv'ning skill,
His free return of thanks he duely paid,
And each new day new beams of bounty shed.

Awake

Awake my tuneful harp awake he crys,
 Awake my lute the sun begins to rise;
 My God I'm ready now ! then takes a flight,
 To purest PIETY's exalted height;
 From thence his soul with heav'n itself in view,
 On humble prayers and humble praises flew.
 The praise as pleasing and as sweet the prayer,
 As incense curling up thro' morning air.

When t'wards the field with early steps he trod
 And gaz'd around and own'd the works of God;
 Perhaps in sweet melodious words of praise,
 He drew the prospect which adorn'd his ways,
 The soil but newly visited with rain,
 The river of the Lord with springing grain
 Inlarge, encrease the soft'ned furrow blest,
 The year with goodness crown'd, with beauty drest.
 And still to pow'r divine ascribe it all,
 From whose high paths the drops of fatness fall;
 Then in the song the smiling sights rejoyce,
 And all the mute creation finds a voice;

M 2 With

With thick returns delightful Ecchos fill,
 The pastur'd green, or soft ascending hill,
 Rais'd by the bleatings of unnumb' red sheep,
 To boast their glories in the crowds they keep,
 And corn that's waving in the western gale,
 With joyful sound proclaims the cover'd vale.

When e'er his flocks the lovely shepherd drove,
 To neighb'ring waters to the neighb'ring grove;
 To JORDAN's flood refresh'd by cooling wind,
 Or CEDRON's brook to mossy banks confin'd,
 In easy notes and guise of lowly swam
 'Twas thus he charm'd and taught the listning rain.

The Lord's my Shepherd bountiful and good,
 I cannot want since he provides me food;
 Me for his sheep along the verdant meads,
 Me all too mean his tender mercy leads;
 To taste the springs of life and taste repose
 Wherever living pasture sweetly grows,
 And as I cannot want I need not fear,
 For still the presence of my shepherd's near,
 Through

Through darksome vales where beasts of prey re-
fort,

Where death appears with all his dreadful court,
His rod and hook direct me when I stray,
He call's to Fold, and they direct my way,

Perhaps when seated on the river's brink,
He saw the tender sheep at noon-day drink,
He sung the land where milk and honey glide
And fat'ning plenty roll's upon the tide.

Or fix'd within the freshness of a shade,
Whose boughs diffuse their leaves around his head ;
He borrow'd notions from the kind retreat,
Then sung the righteous in their happy state
And how by providential care, success,
Shall all their actions in due season bless.
So firm they stand, so beautiful they look,
As planted trees aside the purling brook :
Not faded by the rays that parch the plain,
Nor careful for the want of dropping rain :

The

The leaves sprout forth, the rising branches shoot,
And summer crowns them with the ripen'd fruit.

But if the flow'ry field with vari'd hue,
And native sweetness entertain'd his view ;
The flow'ry field with all the glorious throng,
Of lively colours rose, to paint his song,
Its pride and fall within the numbers ran
And spake the life of transitory man,

As grass arises by degrees unseen
To deck the breast of earth with lovely green,
'Till Nature's order brings the with'ring days,
And all the summer's beauteous pomp decays ;
So by degrees unseen doth man arise,
So blooms by course and so by course he dies.
Or as her head the gawdy flowret heaves,
Spreads to the sun and boasts her silken leaves ;
'Till accidental winds their glory shed,
And then they fall before the time to fade ;
So man appears, so falls in all his prime,
'Ere age approaches on the steps of time,

But

But thee my God ! thee still the same we find,
Thy glory lasting, and thy mercy kind ;
That still the just and all his race may know,
No cause to mourn their swift account below.

When from beneath he saw the wand'ring sheep,
That graz'd the level range along the steep,
Then rose, the wanton stragglers home to call,
Before the pearly dews at ev'ning fall ;
Perhaps new thoughts the rising ground supply,
And that employs his mind, which fills his eye.
From pointed hills, he crys, my wishes tend,
To that great hill from whence supports descend :
The Lord's that hill, that place of sure defence
My wants obtain their certain help from thence.
And as large hills projected shadows throw,
To ward the sun from off the vales below,
Or for their safety stop the blast above,
That with raw vapours loaded, nightly rove.
So shall protection o'er his servants spread,
And I repose beneath the sacred shade,

Unhurt

88 *PARNELL's POEMS.*

Unhurt by rage, that like a summer's day,
 Destroys and scorches with impetuous ray;
 By wasting sorrows undepriv'd of rest
 That fall like damps by moon-shine, on the breast.
 Here from the mind the prospects seem to wear,
 And leave the couch'd design appearing bare;
 And now no more the Shepherd sings his Hill,
 But sings the sovereign Lord's protection still.
 For as he sees the night prepar'd to come,
 On wings of e'ning he prepares for home;
 And in the song thus adds a blessing more,
 To what the thought within the figure bore:
 Eternal goodness manifestly still,
 Preserve's my soul from each approach of ill:
 End's all my days, as all my days begin,
 And keeps my goings and my comings in.

Here think the sinking sun descends apace;
 And from thy first attempt my fancy cease;
 Here bid the ruddy shepherd quit the plain,
 And to the fold return his flocks again.

Go least the lyon or the shagged bear,
 Thy tender lambs with savage hunger tear ;
 Tho' neither bear nor lyon match thy might,
 When in their rage they stood reveal'd to fight ;
 Go, least thy wanton sheep returning home,
 Shou'd as they pass thro' doubtful darkness roam.
 Go ruddy youth, to Beth'lem turn thy way,
 On Beth'lem's road conclude the parting day.

Methinks he goes as twilight leads the night,
 And sees the Crescent rise with silver light,
 His words consider all the sparkling show,
 With which the stars in golden order glow.
 And what is man, he crys, that thus thy kind
 Thy wond'rous love, has lodg'd him in thy mind ?
 For him they glitter, him the beasts of prey,
 That scare my sheep, and these my sheep, obey.
 O Lord, our Lord, with how deserv'd a fame,
 Do's earth record the glories of thy name.
 Then as he thus devoutly walks along,
 And finds the road as finish'd with the song ;

N He

He sings with lifted hands and lifted eyes,
Be this my God, an ev'ning sacrifice.

But now, the lowly dales, the trembling groves,
O'er which the whisper'd breeze serenely roves,
Leave all the course of working fancy clear,
Or only grace another subject here ;
For in my purpose new designs arise,
Whose brightning images engage mine eyes.
Then here my verse thy louder accents raise,
Thy theme thro' lofty paths of glory trace,
Call forth his honours in imperial throngs
And strive to touch his more exalted songs.

While yet in humble vales his harp he strung,
While yet he follow'd after Ewes with young ;
Eternal wisdom chose him for his own,
And from the flock advanc'd him to the throne ;
That there his upright heart and prudent hand,
With more distinguish'd skill and high command,
Might act the shepherd in a noble sphere,
And take his nation into regal care.

He

He cou'd of mercy then and justice sing,
 Those radiant virtues that adorn a king,
 That make his reign blaze forth with bright renown,
 Beyond those Gems whose splendour decks a crown:
 That fixing peace, by temper'd love and fear,
 Make plains abound, and barren mountains bare,
 To thee to whom these attributes belong,
 To thee my God, he cry'd, I send my song,
 To thee from whom my regal glory came,
 I sing the forms in which my court I frame;
 Assist the models of imperfect skill,
 O come with sacred aid, and fix my will.
 A wise behaviour in my private ways,
 And all my soul dispos'd to publick peace,
 Shall daily strive to let my subjects see,
 A perfect pattern how to live in me.
 Still will I think as still my glories rise,
 To set no wicked thing before mine eyes.
 Nor will I choose the favourites of state,
 Among those men that have incur'd thine hate,
 Whose vice but makes 'em scandalously great;

'Tis time, that all whose froward rage of heart,
Wou'd vex my realm, shall from my realm depart,
'Tis time that all whose private fland'ring lye
Leads judgment falsely, shall by judgment dye.
And time the Great who loose the reigns to pride,
Shall with neglect and scorn be laid aside ;
But o'er the tracts that my commands obey,
I'll send my light with sharp disarming ray.
Thro' dark retreats where humble minds abide,
Thro' shades of peace where modest tempers hide ;
To find the good that may support my state,
And having found them, then to make them great.
My voice shall raise them from the lonely cell,
With me to govern and with me to dwell.
My voice shall flatt'ry and deceit disgrace,
And in their room exulted virtue place ;
That with an early care and stedfast hand,
The wicked perish from the faithful land.

When on the throne he sat in calm repose,
And with a royal hope his Offspring rose,

His

His prayers anticipating time reveal,
 Their deep concernment for the publick weal;
 Upon a good forecasted thought they run,
 For common blessings in the king begun:
 For righteousness and judgment strictly fair,
 Which from the king descends upon his heir.
 So when his life and all his labour cease,
 The reign succeeding, brings succeeding peace,
 So still the poor shall find impartial laws,
 And Orphans still a guardian of their cause:
 And stern oppression have it's galling yoke,
 And rabid teeth of prey to pieces broke.
 Then wond'ring at the glories of his way,
 His friends shall love, his daunted foes obey;
 For peaceful Commerce neighb'ring kings apply
 And with great presents court the grand ally.
 For him rich gums shall sweet Arabia bear,
 For him rich Sheba, mines of gold prepare,
 Him Tharsis, him the foreign isles shall greet,
 And ev'ry nation bend beneath his feet.

And

And thus his honours far extended grow,
The type of great Messiah's reign below.

But worldly realms that in his accents shine,
Are left beneath the full advanc'd design,
When thoughts of empire in the mind encrease
O'er all the limits that determine place,
If thus the monarch's rising fancy move
To search for more unbounded realms above,
In which celestial courts the king maintains
And o'er the vast extent of nature reigns;
He then describes in elevated words,
His Israel's shepherd, as the Lord of Lords.
How bright between the Cherubims he sits
What dazzling lustre all his throne emits,
How righteous with judgment join'd, support
The regal seat, and dignify the court.
How fairest honour and magestic state
The presence grace, and strength and beauty wait
What glitt'ring ministers around him stand
To fly like winds, or flames at his command.

How

How sure the beams on which his palace rise
 Are set in waters rais'd above the skies
 How wide the skies like outspread curtains fly
 To veil majestick light from humane eye,
 Or form'd the wide expanded vaults above,
 Where storms are bounded tho' they seem to rove,
 Where fire and hail and vapour so fulfil,
 The wise intentions of their makers will,
 How well 'tis seen the great eternal mind
 Rides on the clouds and walks upon the wind.

O wond'rous Lord! how bright thy glories shine,
 The heav'ns declare, for what they boast is thine:
 And yon blew tract, enrich'd with orbs of light,
 In all it's handy work displays thy might!

Again the monarch touch'd another strain,
 Another province claim'd his verse again,
 Where goodness infinite has fix'd a Sway,
 Whose outstretch'd limits are the bounds of day.
 Beneath this empire of extended air,
 Yet still in reach of Providences care,

God

96 *PARNELL's POEMS.*

God plac'd the rounded earth with stedfast hand
 And bid the basis ever firmly stand ;
 He bid the mountains from confusion's heaps
 Exalt their summits, and assume their shapes.
 He bid the waters like a garment spread,
 To form large seas, and as he spake, they fled,
 His voice, his thunder made the waves obey,
 And forward hasten, 'till they form'd the sea ;
 Then leapt with lawless rage the surges roar,
 He mark'd their bounds, and girt them in with shoar
 He fill'd the land with brooks that trembling steal,
 Through winding hills along the flow'ry vale,
 To which the beasts that graze the vale, retreat
 For cool refreshings in the summers heat ;
 While perch'd in leaves upon the tender sprays
 The birds around their singing voices raise.
 He makes the vapours which he taught to fly,
 Forsake the chambers of the clouds on high,
 And golden harvest rich with ears of grain,
 And Spiry blades of grass adorn the plain,

And

And grapes luxuriant cheer the soul with wine,
 And ointment shed, to make the visage shine.
 Through trunks of trees, fermenting sap proceeds,
 To feed, and tinge the living boughs it feeds;
 So shoots the firr, where airy storks abide,
 So cedar Lebanon's aspiring pride
 Whose birds by God's appointment in their nest;
 With green surrounded, lye secure of rest,
 Where small encrease the barren mountains give
 There kins adapted to the feeding live,
 There flocks of goats in healthy pastures browse
 And in their rocky entrails rabbits house.
 Where forrests thick with shrub entangled stand,
 Untrod the roads and desolate the land;
 These close in coverts hide the beasts of prey
 'Till heavy darkness creeps upon the day,
 Then roar with hunger's voice, and range abroad
 And in their method seek their meat from God,
 And when the dawning edge of eastern air
 Begins to purple, to their dens repair.

O

Man

98 PARNELL'S POEMS.

Man next succeeding from the sweet repose
 Of downy beds, to work appointed goes,
 When first the morning sees the rising sun,
 He sees their labours both at once begun,
 And night returning with its starry train,
 Perceives their labours done at once again.
 O' manifold in works supremely wise,
 How well thy gracious store the world supplies!
 How all thy creatures on thy goodness call
 And that bestows a due support for all!
 When from an open hand thy favours flow,
 Rich bounty stops to visit us below;
 When from thy hand no more thy favours stream
 Back to the dust we turn from whence we came
 And when thy spirit gives the vital heat
 A sure succession keeps the KINDS compleat,
 The propagated seeds their forms retain,
 And all the face of earth's renew'd again.
 Thus, as you've seen th' effect reveal the cause
 Is, nature's ruler, known in nature's laws,

Thus still his pow'r is o'er the world display'd
 And still rejoices in the world he made.
 The Lord he reigns, the king of kings is king,
 Let nations praise, and praises learn to sing.

My verses here may change their stile again,
 And trace the Psalmist in another strain.
 Where all his soul the soldiers spirit warms,
 And to the musick fits the sound of arms,
 Where brave disorder does in numbers dwell
 And artful number speaks disorder well.
 Arise my genius and attempt the praise
 Of dreaded pow'r and perilous essays,
 And where his accents are too nobly great
 Like distant ecchos give the faint repeat.
 For who like him with enterprizing pen,
 Can paint the Lord of Hosts in wrath with men,
 Or with just images of tuneful lay
 Set all his terrors in their fierce array?
 He comes! The tumult of discording spheres,
 The quiv'ring shocks of earth confess their fears;

Thick, smoak precede, and blasts of angry breath
That kindle dread devouring flames of death.
He comes! the firmament with dismal night
Bows down, and seems to fall upon the light,
The darkling mists inrap his head around,
The waters deluge and the tempests sound,
While on the cherub's purple wings he flies,
And plants his black pavilion in the skies.
He comes! the clouds remove, the rattling hail,
Disceding bounds and scatters o'er the vale,
His voice is heard, his thunder speaks his ire,
His light'ning blasts with blue sulphurous fire,
His brandish'd bolts with swift commission go
To punish man's rebellious acts below.
His stern rebukes lay deepest ocean bare
And solid earth by wide eruption tear.
Then glares the naked gulph with dismal ray,
And then the dark foundations see the day,
O God! let mercy this thy war assuage,
Alas! no mortal can sustain thy rage.

While

While I but strive the dire effects to tell,
And on another's words attentive dwell,
Confusing passions in my bosom roll,
And all in tumult work the troubled soul :
Remorse with pity, fear with sorrow blend,
And I but strive in vain ; my verse descend
To less aspiring paths direct thy flight
Tho' still the less, may more than match thy might,
While I to second agents tune the strings,
And Israel's warrior, Israel's battles sings ;
Great warrior he, and great to sing of war,
Whose lines (if ever lines prevail'd so far)
Might pitch the tents, compose the ranks anew,
To combat found, and bring the toil to view.
O nation most securely rais'd in name
Whose fair records he wrote for endless fame,
O nation oft victorious o'er thy foes,
At once thy conquests and thy thanks he shews ;
For thus he sung the realms that must be thine
And made thee thus confess an aid divine.

When

When mercy look'd, the waves perceiv'd its sway
And Israel pass'd the deep divided sea.
When mercy speak it, haughty Pharoah's host,
And haughty Pharoah by the waves were tost.
When mercy led us through the desert sand,
We reach'd the borders of the promis'd land :
Then all the kings their gather'd armies brought,
And all those kings by mercy's help we fought :
There with their monarch AMOR's people bleed,
For God was gracious, and the tribes succeed.
There monstrous OGG was fell'd on Basan's plain
For God was gracious to the tribes again.
At length their yoke the realms of Canaan feel,
And Israel sings that God is gracious still.

Nor has the warlike prince alone enroll'd
The wond'rous fates their fathers did of old,
His own emblazon'd acts adorn his lays,
These too may challenge just returns of praise.
My God ! he cries, my surest rock of might
My trust in dangers and my shield in fight,

Thy

Thy matchless bounties I with gladness own,
 Nor find assistance but from thee alone ;
 Thy strength is armour, and my path success,
 No pow'r like thee can thus securely bless
 When troops united wou'd arrest my course,
 I break their files, and through their order force ;
 When in their towns, they keep, my siege I form,
 And leap the battlements, and lead the storm ;
 And when in camps abroad intrench'd they lye,
 As swift as hinds in chace I bound on high ;
 My strenuous arms thou teachest how to kill,
 And snap in sunder temper'd bows of steel ;
 My moving footsteps are enlarg'd by thee,
 And kept from snares of planned ambush free ;
 And when my foes forsake the field of fight,
 Then flush'd with conquest I pursue their flight ;
 In vain their fears that almost reach despair,
 The trembling wretches from mine anger bear ;
 As swift as fear brisk warmth of conquest goes,
 And at my feet dejects the wounded foes ;

For

For help they call, but find their helper's gone,
For God's against them, and I drive them on :
As whirling dust in airy tumult fly,
Before the tempest that involves the sky ;
And in my rage's unavoidsd sway,
I tread their necks like abject heaps of clay.

The warrior thus in song his deeds express'd
Nor vainly boasted what he but confess'd,
While warlike actions were proclaim'd abroad,
That all their praises, shou'd refer to God.

And here to make this bright design arise
In fairer splendor to the nation's eyes,
From private valour he converts his lays,
For yet the publick claim'd attempts of praise,
And publick conquests where they jointly fought,
Thus stand recorded by reflecting thought ;
God sent his Samuel from his holy seat
To bear the promise of my future state,
And I rejoicing see the tribes fulfil,
The promis'd purpose of almighty will ;

Subjected

Subjected Sichein, sweet Samaria's plain,
 And Succoth's valleys have confess'd my reign;
 Remoter Gilead's hilly tracts obey,
 Manasseh's parted sands accept my sway;
 Strong Ephraim's sons, and Ephraim's ports are
 mine,
 And mine the throne of princely Judah's line;
 Then since my people with my standard go,
 To bring the strength of adverse empire low:
 Let Moab's foil to vile subjection brought,
 With groans declare how well our ranks have
 fought;
 Let vanquish'd Edom bow its humbled head,
 And tell how pompous on its pride I tread;
 And now Philistia with thy conqu'ring host,
 Dismaid and broke, of conquer'd Israel boast;
 But if a Seir or Rabbah, yet remain
 On Johemaan's Hill, or Amon's plain,
 Lead forth our armies Lord, regard our prayer,
 Lead Lord of battles and we'll conquer there;

As this the warrior spake, his heart arose,
And thus with grateful turn perform'd the close;
Though men to men their best assistance lend,
Yet men alone will but in vain befriend,
Through God we work exploits of high renown,
'Tis God that treads our great opposers down.

Hear now the praise of well disputed fields,
The best return victorious honour yields;
'Tis common good restor'd, when lovely peace,
Is join'd with righteousness in strict embrace;
Hear all ye victors what your sword secures,
Hear all you nations for the cause is yours;
And when the joyful trumpets loudly sound,
When groaning captives in their ranks are bound;
When pillars lift the bloody plumes in air,
And broken shafts and batter'd armour bear,
When painted arches acts of war relate,
When slow procession's pomps augment the state,
When fame relates their worth among the throng,
Thus take from David their triumphant song;

Oh

Oh clap your hands together, Oh rejoice,
 In God with melody's exalted voice,
 Your sacred Psalm within his dwelling raise,
 And for a pure oblation offer praise,
 For the rich goodness plentifully shews,
 He prospers our design upon our foes,
 Then hither all ye nations hither run,
 Behold the wonders which the Lord has done,
 Behold with what a mind, the heap of slain,
 He spreads the sanguine surface of the plain,
 He makes the wars that mad confusion hurl'd,
 Be spent in victories, and leave the world,
 He breaks the bended bows, the spears of Ire,
 And burns the shatter'd chariots in the Fire,
 And bids the realms be still, the tumult cease,
 And know the Lord of war, for Lord of peace;
 Now may the tender youth in goodness rise,
 Beneath the guidance of their parents eyes,
 As tall young poplars when the rangers nigh,
 To watch their risings lest they shoot awry.

Now may the beauteous Daughters bred with care,
In modest rules and pious acts of fear ;
Like polish'd corners of the Temple be,
So bright, so spotless, and so fit for thee.
Now may the various seasons bless the soil,
And plenteous Gard'ners pay the Ploughman's toil ;
Now sheep and kine upon the flow'ry meads,
Encrease in thousands and ten thousand heads,
And now no more the found of grief complains,
For those that fall in fight, or live in chains ;
Here when the blessings are proclaim'd aloud,
Join all the voices of the thankful crowd,
Let all that feel them thus confess their part,
Thus own their worth with one united heart ;
Happy the realm which God vouchsafes to bless
With all the glories of a bright success !
And happy thrice the realm if thus he please,
To crown those glories with the sweets of ease,
From warfare finish'd on a chain of thought,
To bright attempts of future rapture wrought ;

Yet

Yet stronger, yet thy pinnions stronger raise,
 Oh fancy reigning in the pow'r of lays.
 For Sion's Hill thine airy courses hold,
 'Twas there thy David Prophecy'd of old,
 And there devout in contemplation sit,
 In holy vision and extatick fit.

Methinks I seem to feel the charm begin,
 Now sweet contentment tunes my soul within,
 Now wond'rous soft arising musick plays,
 And now full sounds upon the sense encrease;
 Fit David's Lyre, his artful fingers move,
 To court the spirit from the realms above,
 And pleas'd to come where holiness attends,
 The courted spirit from above descends.
 Hence on the Lyre and voice new graces rest,
 And bright Prophetick forms enlarge the breast;
 Hence firm decrees his mystick Hymns relate,
 Affix'd in Heav'n's adamantine gate,
 The glories of the most important age,
 And Christ's blest empire seen by sure presage.

When

When in a distant view with inward eyes,
He sees the Son descending from the skies,
To take the form of Man for Mankind's sake,
Tis thus he makes the great Messiah spake,
It is not Father blood of bullocks slain,
Can cleanse the World from universal stain;
Such Off'rings are not here requir'd by thee,
But point at mine, and leave the work for me;
To perfect which, as Servants ears they drill,
In sign of op'ning to their Masters will,
Thy will wou'd open mine, and have me bear,
My sign of Ministry the body there.
Prophetick volumes of our state assign,
The worlds redemption as an act of mine,
And lo with chearful and obedient heart,
I come my father to perform my part,
So spake the Son, and left his throng above,
When wings to bear him were prepar'd by love,
When with their Monarch on the great descent,
Sweet humbleness and gentle patience went,

Fair

Fair sisters both, both blest'd in his esteem,
And both appointed here to wait on him.

But now before the Prophet's ravish'd eyes,
Succeeding Prospects of his Life arise,
And here he teaches all the world to sing,
Those strains in which the nation own'd him King.
When boughs as at an holy feast they bear,
To shew the Godhead manifested there;
And garments as a mark of glory strow'd,
Declar'd a Prince proclaim'd upon the road,
This day the Lord hath made we will employ,
In songs he crys, and consecrate to joy.
Hosannah Lord, Hosannah, shed thy peace,
Hosannah long expecting nations grace,
Oh, blest'd in honour's height triumphant thou,
That wast to come, Oh blest thy people now.

Twere easy dwelling here with fix'd delight,
And much the sweet engagement of the sight;
But fleeting visions each on other throng,
And change the musick and demand the song,

Ah!

112. *PARNELL's POEMS.*

Ah! musick chang'd by sadly moving show,
 Ah! song demanded in excess of woe!
 For what was all the gracious Saviour's stay,
 Whilst here he trod in Life's encumber'd way,
 But troubled patience, persecuted breath,
 Neglected sorrows, and afflicting death,
 Approach ye sinners, think the garden shews,
 His bloody sweat of full arising throes,
 Approach his grief, and hear him thus complain
 Through David's person, and in David's strain.

Oh, save me God, thy floods about me roll,
 Thy wrath divine hath overflow'd my soul,
 I come at length where rising waters drown,
 And sink in deep affliction deeply down.
 Deceitful snares to bring me to the dead,
 Lye ready plac'd in ev'ry path I tread;
 And Hell itself, with all that Hell contains,
 Of fiends accurs'd, and dreadful change of pains;
 To daunt firm will, and cross the good design'd,
 With strong temptations fasten on the mind;

Such

Such grief such sorrows in amazing view,
 Distracted fears and heaviness pursue.
 Ye sages deeply read in human frame,
 The passions causes, and their wild extream,
 Where mov'd an object more oppos'd to bliss,
 What other agony cou'd equal his?

The musick still proceeds with mournful airs,
 And speaks the dangers, as it speaks the fears.
 Oh sacred Presence from the son withdrawn,
 Oh God my father whither art thou gone?
 Oh must my soul bewail tormenting pain,
 And all my words of anguish fall in vain?
 The trouble's near in which my life will end,
 But none is near that will assistance lend;
 Like Basan's bulls my foes against me throng
 So proud, inhuman, numberless, and strong.
 Like desert lyons on their prey they go,
 So much their fierce desire of blood they shew:
 As ploughers wound the ground, they tore my back
 And long deep furrows manifest the track.

Q

They

They pierc'd my tender hands, my tender feet,
 And caus'd sharp pangs, where nerves in numbers
 meet ;
 Rich streams of life, forfak't my rended veins
 And fall like water spill'd upon the plains ;
 My bones that us'd in hollow seats to close,
 Disjoint with anguish of convulsive throes ;
 My mourning heart is melted in my frame
 As wax dissolving runs before a flame,
 My strength dries up, my flesh the moisture leaves,
 And on my tongue my clammy palate cleaves.
 Alas ! I thirst, alas ! for drink I call
 For drink they give me vinegar and gall.
 To sportful game the savage soldiers go
 And for my vesture on my vesture throw ;
 While all deride who see me thus forlorn
 And shoot their lips and shake their heads in scorn.
 And with despiteful jest, behold, they cry
 The great peculiar darling of the sky,
 He trusted God won'd save his soul from woe
 Now God may have him if he loves him so.

But

But to the dust of death by quick decay
 I come, O Father, be not long away.
 And was it thus the prince of life was slain?
 And was it thus he dy'd for worthless men?
 Yes blessed Jesus! thus in ev'ry line
 These suff'rings which the Prophet spake were thine.

Come christian to the corps, in spirit come,
 And with true sighs of grief surround the tomb.
 Upon the threshold stone let sin be slain,
 Such sacrifice will best avenge his pain.
 Bring thither then repentance, sighs and tears,
 Bring mortify'd desires, bring holy fears;
 And earnest pray'r express'd from thoughts that roll
 Through broken mind, and groanings of the soul,
 These scatter on his hearse, and so prepare
 Those obsequies the Jews deny'd him there,
 While in your hearts the flames of love may burn,
 To dress the vault, like lamps in sacred urn.
 There oft my soul in such a grateful way,
 Thine humblest homage which the godly pay;

But David strikes the sounding chords anew,
 And to thy first design recalls thy view ;
 From life to death, from death to life he flies
 And still pursues his object in his eyes.
 And here recounts in more enliven'd song
 The sacred Presence, not absented long.
 The flesh not suffer'd in the grave to dwell,
 The soul not suffer'd to remain in hell ;
 But as the conqueror fatigu'd in war,
 With hot pursuit of enemies afar,
 Reclines to drink the torrent gliding by,
 Then lifts his looks to repossess the sky,
 So bow'd the Son in life's uneasy road,
 With anxious toil, and thorny danger strew'd ;
 So bow'd the son but not to find relief,
 But taste the deep imbitter'd floods of grief ;
 So when he tasted these he rais'd his head,
 And left the fabled mansions of the dead,
 Ere mould'ring time, consum'd the bones away,
 Or slow corruption's worms had work'd decay,

Here

Here faith's foundations, all the soul employ
With springing graces, springing beams of joy,
Then paus'd the voice where nature's seen to pause,
And for a time suspend her ancient laws.

From hence arising as the glories rise,
That must advance above the lofty skies,
He runs with sprightly fingers o'er the Lyre,
And fills new songs with new celestial fire :
In which he shews by fair description's ray,
The Christ's Ascension, to the realms of day ;
When Justice pleas'd with life already paid,
Unbends her brows, and sheaths her angry blade ;
And meditates rewards and will restore,
What mercy woo'd him to forsake before.
When on a cloud with gilded edge of light,
He rose above the reach of human sight,
And met the pomp that hung aloft in air
To make his honours more exceeding fair.
See, cries the prophet, how the chariots wait
To bear him upwards in triumphant state.

By

118. *PARNELL's POEMS.*

By twenty thousands in unnumber'd throng,
 And Angels draw the glitt'ring ranks along.
 The Lord amongst them sits in glory dress'd
 Nor more the Presence Sinai mount confest.
 And now the chariots have begun to fly,
 The triumph moves, the Lord ascends on high,
 And Sin and Satan, us'd to captive men,
 Are dragg'd for captives in his ample train ;
 While as he goes seraphick circles sing
 The wond'rous conquest of their wond'rous king,
 With shouts of joy their heav'nly voices raise,
 And with shrill trumpets manifest his praise ;
 From such a point of such exceeding height
 A while my verses stoop their airy flight,
 And seem for rest on Olivet to breath,
 And charge the two that stand in white beneath,
 That as the move and join the moving rear
 Within their honour'd hands aloft they bear
 The crown of thorns, the cross on which he dy'd,
 The nails that pierc'd his limbs, the spear his side ;
 Then

Then where kind mercy lays the thunder by,
Where Peace has hung great Michael's arms on high,
Let these adorn his magazine above
And hang the trophies of victorious love.
Least man by superstitious mind entic'd
Shou'd idolize whatever touch'd the Christ.

But still the Prophet in the spirit soars
To new Jerusalem's imperial doors;
There sees and hears the blest'd angelick throng,
There feels their musick, and records their song:
Or with the vision warm'd, attempts to write,
For those inhabitants of native light,
And teaches harmony's distinguish'd parts,
In sweet responce of united hearts;
For thus without might warbling angels sing,
Their course containing on the flutter'd wing,
Eternal gates! your stately portals rear,
Eternal gates! your ways of joy prepare,
The king of glory for admittance stays,
He comes, he'll enter, O prepare your ways;

Then

Then bright arch-angels that attend the wall,
Might thus upon the beauteous order call;
Ye fellow ministers that now proclaim
Your king of glory, tell his awful name.
At which the beauteous order will accord,
And sound of solemn notes pronounce the Lord,
The Lord endew'd with strength, renown'd for
might,
With spoils returning from the finish'd fight.
Again with Lays they charm the sacred gates,
And graces double while the song repeats,
Again within the sacred guardians sing,
And ask the name of their victorious king,
And then again the Lord's the name rebounds
From tongue to tongue, catch'd up in frequent rounds.

New thrones and pow'rs appear, to lift the gate,
And David still pursues their enter'd state,
Oh prophet! father! whither woulst thou fly?
Oh mystick Israel's chariot for the sky,

Thou

Thou sacred spirit ! what a wond'rous height,
By thee supported, soars his airy flight !
For glimpse of Majesty divine is brought,
Among the shifted prospects of the thought ;
Dread sacred sight ! I dare not gaze for fear,
But sit beneath the fingers feet and hear,
And hold each sound that interrupts the mind,
Thus in a calm by pow'r of verse confin'd.

Ye dreadful ministers of God, displeas'd,
Send blasting tempests, be no longer rais'd !
Ye deep mouth'd thunders leave your direful groan,
Nor roll in hollow clouds around the throne,
The still small voice, more justly will express,
How great Jehovah did the Lord address.
And you bright feather'd choirs of endless peace,
A while from tuneful Hallelujahs cease,
A while stand fix'd with deep attentive care,
You'll have the time to sing for ever there.
The royal prophet will the silence break,
And in his words almighty goodness speak.

R

He

He spake (and smil'd to see the business done,)
Thou art, my first my great begotten son ;
Here on the right of Majesty sit down,
Enjoy thy conquest and receive thy crown,
While I thy worship and renown compleat,
And make thy soles the foot-stool of thy feet,
For I'll pronounce the long resolv'd decree,
My sacred Sion be reserv'd for thee.
From thence thy peaceful rod of pow'r extend,
From thence thy messenger of mercy send,
And teach thy vanquish'd enemies to bow,
And rule where Hell has fix'd an empire now.
Then ready nations to their rightful king,
The free-will off'rings of their hearts shall bring,
In holy beauties for acceptance dress'd,
And ready nations be with pardon blest'd ;
Mean while thy dawn of truth begins the day,
Enlightened subjects shall encrease thy sway,
With such a splendid and unnumber'd train,
As dews in morning fill the grassy plain.

This

This by myself I swore the great intent,
 Has past my sanction and I can't repent ;
 Thou art a king and priest of peace below,
 Like Salem's monarch and for ever so.
 Ask what thou wilt, 'tis thine, the gentiles claim,
 For thy possession take the world's extream,
 The kings shall rage, the parties strive in vain,
 By persecuting rage to break thy reign ;
 Thou art my Christ and they that still can be,
 Rebellious subjects, be destroy'd by thee.
 Bring like the Potter to severe decay,
 Thy worthless creatures, found in humble clay,
 Then hear ye monarchs, and ye judges hear,
 Rejoice with trembling, serve the Lord with fear,
 In his commands with signs of homage move,
 And kiss the gracious offers of his love ;
 Ye surely perish if his anger flame,
 And only they be bless'd that bless his name.
 Thus does the Christ in David's anthems shine,
 With full magnificence of art divine,

Then on his subject gifts of grace bestow,
And spread his Image on their hearts below,
As when our earthly kings receive the globe,
The sacred unction and the purple robe,
And mount the throne with golden glory crown'd,
They scatter medals of themselves around ;
There heav'nly fingers clap their vary'd wings,
And lead the choir of all created things.
Relate his glory's everlasting prime,
His fame continu'd with the length of time,
While e're the Sun shall dart a gilded beam,
Or changing Moons diffuse the silver'd gleam,
Where e're the waves of rolling ocean sent,
Encompass land with arms of wide extent.
Hail full of mercy ready nations cry !
Hail for ever, ever bless'd on high !
Hail, Oh for ever on thy beauteous throne !
Thou Lord that workest wond'rous things alone,
Still let thy glory to the world appear,
And all the riches of thy goodness hear.

But

But thou fair Church in whom he fixes love,
 Thou queen accepted of the prince above ;
 Behold him fairer than the sons of men,
 Embrace his offer'd heart, and share his reign,
 In Moses's laws they bred thy tender years,
 But now to new commands incline thine ears,
 Forget thy people, bear no more in mind,
 Thy Father's household, for thy spouse is kind.
 Within thy soul let vain affections dye,
 Him only worship, and with him comply.
 So shall thy spouse's heart with thine agree,
 So shall his fervour still encrease for thee.
 Come while he calls supremely favour'd queen,
 In heav'nly glories dress thy soul within ;
 With pious actions to the throne be brought,
 In close connection of the virtues wrought,
 Let these around thee for a garment shine,
 And be the work to make them pleasing, thine :
 Come lovely queen advance with stately port,
 Thy good companions shall compleat thy court,
 With

With joyful souls their joyful entrance sing,
 And fill the palace of your gracious king,
 What tho' thy Moses and the prophets cease,
 What tho' the Priesthood leaves the settled race,
 The Father's place their offspring well supplies,
 When at thy spouse's Ministry they rise,
 When thy blest'd household on his orders go,
 And rule for him where'er he reigns below.
 Come Queen exalted come my lasting song,
 To future ages shall thy fame prolong.
 The joyful nations shall thy praise proclaim,
 And for their safety crow'd beneath thy name.
 Oh bounteous Saviour ! still thy mercy kind,
 Still what thy David sung, thy servants find,
 Still why thy David sung thy servants see,
 From thee sent down, and sent again to thee.
 They see the words of thanks and love divine,
 In strains mysterious intermingl'd shine,
 As sweet and rich unite in costly waves,
 When purling gold the purpled webb receives,

And

And still the Church he shadow'd hears the lays,
 In daily service as an aid to praise.
 At these her temper good devotion warms,
 And mounts aloft with more engaging charms.
 Then as she strives to reach the lofty sky,
 Bids gratitude assist her will to fly;
 In these our gratitude becomes on fire,
 Then feels it's flames improv'd by strong desire;
 Then feels desire in eager wishes move,
 And wish determine in the point of love.

Such hymns to regulate and such to raise,
 Approach ye founding instruments of praise.
 Tis fit you tune for him whose holy love,
 In wish aspiring to the choir above,
 And fond to practice e're his time to go,
 Devoutly call'd you to the choir below,
 There where he plac'd you, with your solemn sound,
 For Gods high glory fill the sacred ground,
 And there and ev'ry where his wond'rous name,
 Within his firmament of pow'r proclaim.

Soft

Soft pleasing lutes with easy sweetness move,
To touch the sentiments of Heav'nly love,
Assist the Lyre and voice to tell the charms,
That gently stole him from the Father's arms;
Gay trembling Timbrels us'd with airs of mirth,
Assist the loud Hosannah rais'd on earth,
When on an Ass he meekly rides along,
And multitudes are heard within the song.
Full-tenor'd Psalt'ry join the doleful part,
In which his agony possess'd his heart;
And seem to feel thyself, and seem to shew,
Arising heaviness and signs of woe.
Sonorous organ at his passion moan,
And utter forth thy sympathizing groan,
In big flow murmurs anxious sorrow speak,
While melancholy winds thine entrails shake.
As when he suffer'd, with complaining sound,
The storms in vaulted caverns shook the ground;
Swift chearful cymbals give an airy strain,
When having bravely broke the doubled chain,
Of

Of Death and Hell, he left the conquer'd grave,
 And rose to visit those he dy'd to save.
 And as he mounts in song and Angels sing,
 With grand procession their returning king,
 Triumphant trumpets raise their notes on high,
 And make them seem to mount, and seem to fly.
 Then all at once conspire to praise the Lord,
 In musick's full consent, and just accord :
 Ye sons of art in such melodious way,
 Conclude the service which you join to pay,
 While nations sing Amen, and yet again,
 Hold forth the note and sing aloud Amen.

Here has my fancy gone where David leads,
 Now softly pacing o'er the grassy meads,
 Now nobly mounting where the monarchs rear,
 The gilded spires of palaces in air,
 Now shooting thence upon the level flight,
 To dreadful dangers and the toils of fight,
 Anon with utmost stretch ascending far,
 Beyond the region of the farthest star ;

S

As

As sharpest fighted eagles tow'ring fly,
To weather their broad sails in open sky,
At length on wings half clos'd slide gently down,
And one attempt shall all my labours crown.
In other's verse the rest be better shewn,
But this is more, or should be more, thine own.

If then the spirit that supports my lines,
Have prov'd unequal to my large designs,
Let others rise from earthly passion's dream,
By me provok'd to vindicate the theme.
Let others round the world in rapture rove,
Or with strong feathers fan the breeze above,
Or walk the dusky shades of death, and dive
Down Hell's abyfs, and mount again alive.
But Oh my God! may these unartful rhimes,
In sober words of woe bemoan my crimes.
Tis fit the sorrows I for ever vent,
For what I never can enough repent;
Tis fit, and David shews the moving way,
And with his pray'r instructs my soul to pray.

Then

Then since thy guilt is more than match'd by me,
 And since my troubles shou'd with thine agree,
 O Muse to glories in affliction born!
 May thine humility my soul adorn.
 For humblest prayers are most affecting strains,
 As Mines lye rich in lowly planted veins,
 Such aid I want to render mercy kind,
 And such an aid as here I want I find:
 Thy weeping accents in my numbers run,
 Ah thought! ah voice of inward dole begun!

My God, whose anger is appeas'd by tears,
 Bow gently down thy mercy's gracious ears,
 With many tongues my sins for justice call,
 But mercy's ears are manifold for all.
 Those sweet celestial windows open wide,
 And in full streams let soft compassion glide,
 There wash my soul and cleanse it yet again,
 O th'roughly cleanse it from the guilty stain,
 For I my life with inward anguish see,
 And all its wretchedness confess to thee.

The large Inditement stands before my view,
 Drawn forth by conscience, most amazing true,
 And fill'd with secrets hid from human eye,
 When foolish man, thy God stood witness by.
 Then Oh, thou majesty divinely great,
 Accept the sad confessions I repeat,
 Which clear thy justice to the world below,
 Shou'd dismal sentence doom my soul to woe.
 When in the silent womb my shape was made,
 And from the womb to lightsome life convey'd,
 Curs'd sin began to take unhappy root,
 And thro' my veins it's early fibres shoot;
 And then what goodness didst thou shew, to kill
 The rising weeds, and principles of ill;
 When to my breast in fair celestial flame,
 Eternal truth and lovely wisdom came,
 Bright gift by simple nature never got,
 But here reveal'd to change the antient blot.
 This wond'rous help which mercy pleas'd to grant,
 Continue still, for still thine aid I want,

And

And as the men whom leprosy invade,
Or they that touch the carcase of the dead,
With Hyssop sprinkled and by water clean'd,
Their former pureness in the law regain'd.
So purge my soul diseas'd alas ! within,
And much polluted with dead works of sin.
For such bless'd favours at thine hand I sue,
Be grace thine Hyssop and thy water too.
Then shall my whiteness for perfection vie,
With blanching snows that newly leave the sky.
Thus through my mind thy voice of gladness send,
Thus speak the joyful word, I will be clean'd.
That all my strength consum'd with mournful pain,
May by thy saving health rejoice again.
And now no more my foul offences see,
Oh turn from these, but turn thee not from me,
Or least they make me too deform'd a sight,
Oh, blot them with oblivion's endless night.
Then further pureness to thy servant grant,
Another heart, or change in this, I want.

Create

Create another, or the change create,
For now my vile corruption is so great,
It seems a new creation to restore,
It's fall'n estate to what it was before.
Renew my spirit, raging in my breast,
And all it's passions in their course arrest,
Or turn their motions, widely gone astray,
And fix their footsteps in thy righteous way!
When this is granted, when again I'm whole,
On no'er withdraw thy presence from my soul:
There let it shine, so let me be restor'd,
To present joy which conscious hopes afford.
There let it sweetly shine, and o'er my breast,
Diffuse the dawning of eternal rest;
Then shall the wicked this compassion see,
And learn thy worship and thy works from me.
For I to such occasions of thy praise
Will tune my lyre, and consecrate my lays.
Unseal my lips where guilt and shame have hung,
To stop the passage of my grateful tongue,

And

And let my prayer and song ascend, my prayer
 Here join'd with saints, my song with angels there ;
 Yet neither prayer I'd give, nor songs alone,
 If either off'rings were as much thy own :
 But thine's the contrite spirit, thine's an heart,
 Oppress'd with sorrow, broke with inward smart ;
 That at thy footstool in confession shews,
 How well its faults, how well the judge it knows ;
 That sin with sober resolution flies,
 This gift thy mercy never will despise.
 Then in my soul a mystick alter rear,
 And such a sacrifice I'll offer there ;
 There shall it stand in vows of virtue bound,
 There falling tears shall wash it all around ;
 And sharp remorse, yet sharper edg'd by woe,
 Deserv'd and fear'd, inflict the bleeding blow ;
 There shall my thoughts to holy breathings fly
 Instead of incense to perfume the sky,
 And thence my willing heart aspires above,
 A victim panting in the flames of love.

SOLOMON.

SOLOMON.

AS thro' the Psalms from theme to theme I
chang'd,
Methinks like Eve in Paradise I rang'd ;
And ev'ry grace of song I seem'd to see,
As the gay pride of ev'ry season, she
She gently treading all the walks around,
Admir'd the springing beauties of the ground,
The lilly glitt'ring with the morning dew,
The rose in red, the violet in blew,
The pink in pale, the bells in purple rows,
And tulips colour'd in a thousand shows :
Then here and there perhaps she pull'd a flow'r
To strew with moss, and paint her leafy bow'r ;
And here and there, like her I went along,
Chose a bright strain, and bid it deck my song.

But now the sacred Singer leaves mine eye,
Crown'd as he was, I think he mounts on high,

Ere

Ere this Devotion bore his heav'nly psalms,
 And now himself bears up his harp and palms.
 Go saint triumphant, leave the changing fight,
 So fitted out, you suit the realms of light;
 But let thy glorious robe at parting go,
 Those realms have robes of more effulgent show;
 It flies, it falls, the flutt'ring silk I see,
 Thy son has caught it and he sings like thee,
 With such election of a theme divine,
 And such sweet grace, as conquers all but thine.

Hence ev'ry writer o'er the fabled streams,
 Where frolick fancies sport with idle dreams;
 Or round the sight enchanted clouds dispose,
 Whence wanton cupids shoot with gilded bows,
 A nobler writer, strains more brightly wrought,
 Themes more exalted, fill my wond'ring thought:
 The parted skies are track'd with flames above,
 As love descends to meet ascending love;
 The seasons flourish where the spouses meet,
 And earth in gardens spreads beneath their feet;

T

This

This fresh-bloom prospect in the bosom throngs,
When Solomon begins his song of songs,
Bids the rap'd soul to Lebanon repair,
And lays the scenes of all his action there,
Where as he wrote, and from the bow'r survey'd
The scenting groves, or answ'ring knots he made,
His sacred art the sights of nature brings,
Beyond their use, to figure heav'nly things.

Great son of God! whose gospel pleas'd to throw
Round thy rich glory, veils of earthly show,
Who made the vineyard, oft thy church design,
Who made the marriage-feast a type of thine,
Assist my verses which attempt to trace
The shadow'd beauties of celestial grace,
And with illapses of seraphick fire
The work which pleas'd thee once, once more inspire.

Look, or illusion's airy visions draw,
Or now I walk the gardens which I saw,
Where silver waters feed a flow'ring spring,
And winds salute it with a balmy wing.

There

There on a bank, whose shades directly rise
 To screen the sun, and not exclude the skies,
 There sits the sacred church; methinks I view
 The spouse's aspect and her ensigns too.
 Her face has features where the virtues reign,
 Her hands the book of sacred love contain,
 A light (truth's emblem) on her bosom shines
 And at her side the meekest lamb reclines:
 And oft on heav'nly lectures in the book,
 And oft on heav'n itself, she cast a look,
 Sweet, humble, fervent zeal that works within
 At length bursts forth, and raptures thus begin.

Let Him, that Him my soul adores above,
 In close communions breath his holy love;
 For these bless'd words his pleasing lips impart,
 Beyond all cordials, cheer the fainting heart.
 As rich and sweet, the precious ointments stream,
 So rich thy graces flow, so sweet thy name
 Diffuses sacred joy; tis hence we find
 Affection rais'd in ev'ry virgin mind,

For this we come, the daughters here and I,
Still draw we forward, and behold I fly,
I fly through mercy, when my king invites,
To tread his chambers of sincere delights,
There, join'd by mystick union, I rejoice,
Exalt my temper, and enlarge my voice,
And celebrate thy joys, supremely more
Than earthly bliss; thus upright hearts adore,
Nor you ye maids, who breath of Salem's air,
Nor you refuse that I conduct you there,
Tho' clouding darkness hath eclips'd my face
Dark as I am, I shine with beams of grace,
As the black tents, where Ismael's line abides
With glitt'ring trophies dress their inward sides;
Or as thy curtains, Solomon, are seen,
Whose plairs conceal a golden throne within.
'Twere wrong to judge me by the carnal sight,
And yet my visage was by nature white,
But fiery furs which persecute the meek,
Found me abroad, and scorch'd my rosy cheek.

The

The world, my brethren, they were angry grown,
 They made me dress a vineyard not my own,
 Among their rites, (their vines) I learn'd to dwell,
 And in the mean employ my beauty fell;
 By frailty lost, I gave my labour o'er
 And my own vineyard grew deform'd the more.
 Behold I turn, O say my soul's desire,
 Where dost thou feed thy flock and where retire
 To rest that flock, when noon-tide heats arise?
 Shepherd of Israel, teach my dubious eyes
 To guide me right, for why shou'd thine abide
 Where wand'ring shepherds turn their flocks aside.

So spake the church and sigh'd, a purple light
 Sprung forth, the Godhead stood reveal'd to fight,
 And heav'n and nature smil'd; as white as snow
 His seamless vesture loosely fell below,
 Sedate and pleas'd he nodded, round his head
 The pointed glory shook, and thus he said
 If thou the loveliest of the beauteous kind,
 If thou canst want thy shepherd's walk to find,

Go

Go by the foot-steps where my flocks have trod,
My saints obedient to the laws of God,
Go where their tents my teaching servants rear,
And feed the kids, thy young believers there.
Shou'd thus my flocks increase, my fair delight,
I view their numbers, and compare the sight
To Pharaoh's Horses, when they take the field,
Beat plains to dust, and make the nations yield.
With rows of gems, thy comely cheeks I deck,
And chains of pendant gold o'erflow thy neck,
For so like gems the riches of my grace,
And so descending glory, cheers thy face :
Gay bridal robes a flow'ring silver strows,
Bright gold engrailing on the border glows.

He spake, the spouse admiring heard the sound,
Then meekly bending on the sacred ground,
She cries, Oh present to my ravish'd breast,
This sweet communion is an inward feast,
There sits the king, while all around our heads,
His grace, my Spikenard, pleasing odours sheds

About

About my soul, his holy comfort flies,
 So closely treasur'd in the bosom lies
 The bundled myrrhe so sweet the scented gale
 Breaths all En-gedi's aromack vale.
 Now says the king, my love, I see thee fair,
 Thine eyes for mildness with the dove's compare.

No, thou, belov'd, art fair, the church replies,
 (Since all my beauties but from thee arise,)
 All fair, all pleasant, these communions shew
 Thy counsels pleasant, and thy comforts so.
 And as at marriage feasts they strow the flow'rs,
 With nuptial chaplets hang the summer bow'rs,
 And make the rooms of smelling cedars fine,
 Where the fond bridegroom and the bride recline;
 I dress my soul, with such exceeding care,
 With such, with more, to court thy presence there.

Well hast thou prais'd, he says, the Sharon rose
 Through flow'ry fields a pleasing odour throws,
 The valley-lillies ravish'd sense regale,
 And with pure whiteness paint their humble vale;

Such

Such names of sweetness are thy lover's due,
And thou my love, be thou a lilly too,
A lilly set in thorns; for all I see,
All other daughters are as thorns to thee.

Then she; the trees that pleasing apples yield,
Surpass the barren trees that cloath the field,
So you surpass the sons with worth divine,
So shade, and fruit as well as shade, is thine.
I sat me down, and saw thy branches spread,
And green protection flourish o'er my head,
I saw thy fruit, the soul's celestial food,
I pull'd, I tasted, and I found it good.
Hence in the spirit to the blissful seats,
Where love, to feast, mysteriously retreats,
He led me forth, I saw the banner rear,
And love was pencil'd for the motto there.
Prophets and teachers, in your care combine,
Stay me with apples, comfort me with wine,
The cordial promises of joys above,
For hope deferr'd has made me sick with love.
Ah!

Ah! while my tongue reveals my fond desire,
His hands support me, lest my life expire,
As round a child the parent's arms are plac'd
This holds the head, and that enfolds the waist.

Here ceas'd the church, and lean'd her languid
head

Bent down with joy, when thus the lover said
Behold, ye daughters of the realm of peace
She sleeps, at least her thoughts of sorrow cease.
Now, by the bounding roes, the skipping fawns,
Near the cool brooks, or o'er the grassy lawns,
By all the tender innocents that rove,
Your hourly charges in my sacred grove,
Guard the dear charge, from each approach of ill
I wou'd not have her wake, but when she will.

So rest the church and spouse, my verses so
Appear to languish with the flames you shew,
And pausing rest; but not the pause be long,
For still thy Solomon pursues the song.

U

Then

7 Then keep the place in view ; let sweets more rare
Than earth produces, fill the purpled air ;
Let something solemn overspread the green
Which seems to tell us, here the Lord has been ;
But let the virgin still in prospect shine,
And other strains of her's, enliven mine.
She wakes, she rises ; bid the whisp'ring breeze
More softly whisper, in the waving trees,
Or fall with silent awe ; bid all around,
Before the church's voice, abate their sound,
While thus her shadowy strains attempt to shew
A future advent of the spouse below.

Hark ! my beloved's voice ! behold him too !
Behold him coming in the distant view,
No clamb'ring mountains make my lover stay,
(For what are mountains, in a lover's way ?)
Leaping he comes, how like the nimble roe
He runs the paths his prophets us'd to shew !
And now he looks from yon partition wall,
Built till he comes — 'tis only then to fall,

And

And now he's nearer in the promise seen,
Too faint the sight — tis with a glass between;
From hence I hear him as a lover speak,
Who near a window, calls a fair to wake.

Attend ye virgins, while the words that trace
An opening spring, design the day of grace.
Hark ! or I dream, or else I hear him say,
Arise my love, my fair one, come away,
For now the tempests of thy winter end,
Thick rains no more in heavy drops descend,
Sweet painted flow'rs, their silken leaves uncloze,
And dress the face of earth with vari'd shows,
In the green wood the singing birds renew,
Their chirping notes, the silver turtles coo :
The trees that yield the fig, already shoot,
And knit their blossoms for their early fruit,
With fragrant scents, the vines refresh the day,
Arise my love, my fair one come away.
O come my dove, for sake thy close retreat,
For close in safety hast thou fix'd thy seat,

As fearful pigeons in dark clefts abide,
And safe the clefts their tender charges hide.
Now let thy looks with modest guise appear,
Now let thy voice salute my longing ear,
For in thy looks an humble mind I see,
Prayer forms thy voice, and both are sweet to me.
To save the bloomings of my vineyard, haste,
Which foxes, (false deluding teachers) waste;
Watch well their haunts, and catch the foxes there,
Our grapes are tender and demand the care.
Thus speaks my love : surprizing love divine !
I thus am his, he thus for ever mine.
And 'till he comes, I find a presence still,
Where souls attentive serve his holy will,
Where down in vales unspotted lillies grow,
White types of innocence, in humble show.
O 'till the spicy breath of heav'nly day,
Till all thy shadows fleet before thy ray,
Turn my beloved with thy comforts here,
Turn in thy promise, in thy grace appear,

Nor

Not let such swiftneſs in the roes be ſhown
To ſave themſelves, as thou to chear thine own,
Turn like the nimble harts that lightly bound
Before the ſtretches of the fleetest hound,
Skim the plain chace of lofty Bether's head,
And make the mountain, wonder if they tread.

But long expectance of a bliſs delay'd
Breeds anxious doubt, and tempts the ſacred maid,
Then miſts ariſing ſtrait repel the light,
The colour'd garden lies diſguiſ'd with night,
A pale-horn'd crescent leads a glimm'ring throng,
And groans of abſence jarr within the ſong.

By night, ſhe cries, a night, which blots the mind,
I ſeek the lover, whom I fail to find,
When on my couch compos'd to thought I lie,
I ſearch, and vainly ſearch with reaſon's eye;
Riſe fondly riſe, thy preſent ſearch give o'er
And aſk if others know thy lover more.
Dark as it is, I riſe, the moon that ſhines,
Shows by the gleam, the city's outward lines,

I range

I range the wan'dring road, the winding street
And ask, but ask in vain, of all I meet,
'Till, toil'd with ev'ry disappointing place
My steps the guardians of the temple trace,
Whom thus my wish accosts, ye sacred guides,
Ye prophets, tell me where my love resides?
'Twas well I question'd, scarce I pass'd them by,
Ere my rais'd soul perceives my lover nigh:
And have I found thee, found my joy divine?
How fast i'll hold thee, 'till I make thee mine.
My mother waits thee, thither thou repair,
Long waiting Israel wants thy presence there.
The lover smiles to see the virg'n's pain,
The mists roll off, and quit the flow'ry plain.

Yes, there I come, he says, thy sorrow cease,
And guard her, daughters of the realms of peace,
By all the bounding roes and skipping fawns,
Near the cool brooks, or o'er the grassy lawns,
By all the tender innocents that rove,
Your hourly charges, in my sacred grove,

Guard

Guard the dear charge, from each approach of ill,
I'll have her feel my comforts, while she will.

Here hand in hand with chearful heart they go,
When wand'ring Salem, fees the solemn show,
Dreams the rich pomp, of Solomon again,
And thus her daughters sing the approaching scene.

Who from the desert, where the waving clouds
High Sinai pierces, comes involv'd with crowds?
For Sion's hill her sober pace she bends,
As grateful incence from the Dome ascends.
It seems the sweets from all Arabia shed,
Curl at her side, and hover o'er her head.
For her the king prepares a bed of state,
Round the rich bed her guards in order wait,
All mystick Israel's sons, 'tis there they quél
The foes within, the foes without repel.
The guard his ministry, their swords of fight
His sacred laws, her present state of night.
He forms a chariot too to bring her there,
Not the carv'd frame of Solomon's so fair ;

Sweet

Sweet smells the chariot as the temple stood,
The fragrant cedar lent them both the wood,
High wreaths of silver'd columns prop the door,
Fine gold entrail'd, adorns the figur'd floor,
Deep fringing purple hangs the roof above,
And silk embroid'ry paints the midst with love.

Go forth ye daughters, Sion's daughters go,
A greater Solomon exalts the show,
If crown'd with gold, and by the queen bestow'd,
To grace his nuptials, Jacob's monarch rode;
A crown of glory from the king divine,
To grace these nuptials, makes the Saviour shine;
While the blest'd pair, express'd in emblem ride,
Messiah Solomon, his church the bride.

Ye kind attendants who with wond'ring eyes
Saw the grand entry, what you said suffice,
You sung the lover with a loud acclaim
The lover's fondness longs to sing the dame.
He speaks, admiring nature stands around
And learns new musick, while it hears the sound.

Behold

Behold, my love, how fair thy beauties show,
Behold how more, how most extremely so !
How still to me thy constant eyes incline,
I see the turtle's when I gaze on thine,
Sweet through the lids they shine with modest care,
And sweet and modest is a virgin's air.
How bright thy locks ! how well their number paints
The great assemblies of my lovely saints !
So bright the kids, so numerously fed,
Graze the green top of lofty Gilead's head ;
All Gilead's head a fleecy whiteness clouds,
And the rich master glory's in the crowds.

How pure thy teeth ! for equal order made,
Each answer'ing each, whilst all the publick aid,
These lovely graces in my church I find,
This candour, order, and accorded mind :
Thus when the season bids the shepherd lave
His sheep new shorn, within the chrystal wave,
Wash'd they return, in such unsully'd white,
Thus march by pairs, and in the flock unite.

How please thy lips adorn'd with native red !
 Art vainly mocks them in the scarlet thread !
 But if they part, what musick wafts the air !
 So sweet thy praises, and so soft thy Prayer.
 If through thy loosen'd curls with honest shame
 Thy lovely TEMPLE'S fine complexion flame,
 Whatever crimson Gránate blossoms show,
 'Twas never theirs, so much to please, and glow,
 But what's thy neck, the polish'd form I see !
 Whose Iv'ry strength supports thine eyes to me ;
 Fair type of firmness when my saints aspire
 The sacred confidence that lifts desire,
 As David's turret on the stately frame
 Upheld it's thousand conqu'ring shields of fame.
 And what thy breasts ! they still demand my lays,
 What image wakes to charm me whilst I gaze ?
 Two lovely mountains each exactly round,
 Two lovely mountains with the lilly crown'd,
 While two twin roes, and each on either bred,
 Feed in the lilies of the mountain's head.

Let

Let this resemblance, spotless virtues show,
And in such lillies feed my young below.
But now farewell 'till night's dark shades decay,
Farewel my virgin, 'till the break of day,
Swift for the hills of spice and gums I fly,
To breath such sweets as scent a purer sky,
Yet as I leave thee, still, above compare,
My Love, my spotless, still I find thee fair.

Here rest celestial maid, for if he go,
Nor will he part, nor is the promise flow,
Nor slow my fancy move; dispel the shade,
Charm forth the morning and relieve the maid.
Arise fair sun, the church attends to see
The sun of righteousness arise in thee;
Arise fair Sun, and bid the church adore,
'Tis then he'll court her, whom he prais'd before.
As thus I sing, it shines, there seems a sound
Of plumes in air, and feet upon the ground,
I see their meeting, see the flow'ry scene
And hear the mystick love pursu'd again.

Now to the mount whose spice perfumes the day,
'Tis I invite thee, come my spouse away,
Come, leave thy Lebanon, is ought we see
In all thy Lebanon, compar'd to me?
Nor tow'rd thy Canaan turn with wishful sight,
From Hermon's, Shenir's, and Amana's height;
There dwells the leopard, there assaults the bear,
This world has ills, and such may find thee there.

My spouse, my sister, O thy wond'rous art,
Which through my bosom drew my ravish'd heart!
Won by one eye, my ravish'd heart is gone,
For all thy seeing guides consent as one.
Drawn by one chain which round thy body plies
For all thy members one blest'd union ties.
My spouse, my sister, O the charm to please,
When love repaid, returns my bosom ease!
Strongly thy love, and strongly wines restore,
But wines must yield, thy love enflames me more.
Sweetly thine ointments, (all thy virtues) smell,
Not alter spices please thy king so well.

How

How soft thy doctrine on thy lips resides !
 From those two combs the dropping honey glides,
 All pure without as all within sincere,
 Beneath thy tongue —— I find it honey there.
 Ah while thy graces thus around thee shine,
 The charms of Lebanon must yield to thine !
 His spring, his garden, ev'ry scented tree,
 My spouse, my sister all I find in thee.
 Thee for myself I fence, I shut, I seal,
 Mysterious spring, mysterious garden, hail !
 A spring, a font, where heav'nly waters flow,
 A grove, a garden, where the graces grow.
 There rise my fruits, my cyprus, and my firr,
 My saffron, spikenard, Cinnamon and Myrrhe ;
 Perpetual fountains for their use abound,
 And streams of favour feed the living ground.

Scarce spake the Christ, when thus the church
 replies
 (And spread her arms where e'er the spirit flies.)
 Ye cooling northern gales, who freshly shake
 My balmy reeds, ye northern gales awake.

And

And thou the regent of the southern sky,
O soft inspiring o'er my garden fly,
Unlock and waft my sweets, that ev'ry grace
In all it's heav'nly life regale the place.
If thus a paradise, thy garden prove,
'Twere best prepar'd to entertain my love,
And that the pleasing fruits may please the more,
O think my proffer, was thy gift before.

At this, the Saviour cries, behold me near,
My spouse, my sister, O behold me here,
To gather fruits, I come at thy request,
And pleas'd my soul accepts the solemn feast;
I gather myrrhe with spice to scent the treat,
My virgin-honey with the combs I eat,
I drink my sweet'ning milk, my lively wine,
(These words of pleasure mean thy gifts divine)
To share my bliss, my good elect I call,
The church (my garden) must include them all;
Now sit and banquet, now belov'd you see
What gifts I love, and prove these fruits with me;
O might

O might this sweet communion ever last !
 But with the sun the sweet communion past,
 The Saviour parts, and on oblivion's breast
 Benumb'd and slumb'ring lies the church to rest,
 Pass the sweet allies while the dusk abides,
 Seek the fair lodge in which the maid resides,
 Then, fancy, seek the maid, at night again
 The Christ will come, but come's, alas in vain.

I sleep she says, and yet my heart awakes,
 (There's still some feeling while the lover speaks)
 With what fond fervour from without he cries !
 Arise my love, my undefil'd arise,
 My dove, my sister, cold the dews alight,
 And fill my tresses with the drops of night;
 Alas I'm all unrob'd, I wash'd my feet,
 I tasted slumber, and I find it sweet.

As thus my words refuse, he slips his hands
 Where the clos'd latch my cruel door commands,
 What, tho' deny'd, so persevering kind !
 Who long denies a persevering mind ?

From

160 *PARNELL's POEMS.*

From my wak'd foul my slothful temper flies
 My bowels yearn, I rise, my love, I rise,
 I find the latch thy fingers touch'd before,
 Thy smelling myrrhe comes dropping off the door.
 Now where's my love? — what! hast thou left
 the place?

O, to my foul, repeat thy words of grace,
 Speak in the dark, my love; I seek thee round
 And vainly seek thee 'till thou wilt be found.
 What no return? I own my folly past,
 I lay too listless; speak my love at last.
 The guards have found me — are ye guards
 indeed

Who smite the sad, who make the feeble bleed?
 Dividing teachers these, who wrong my name,
 Rend my long vail, and cast me bare to shame.
 But you, ye daughters of the realm of rest,
 If ever pity mov'd a virgin breast,
 Tell my belov'd how languishing I lie,
 How love has brought me near the point to dye.

And

And what belov'd is this you wou'd have found,
Say Salem's daughters, as they flock'd around?
What wond'rous thing? what charm beyond com-
pare?

Say what's thy lover, fairest o'er the fair?
His face is white and ruddy, she replies
So mercy join'd to justice, temper's dyes;
His lofty stature, where a Myriad shine
O'ertops, and speaks a majesty divine.
Fair honour crown's his head, the raven-black
In bushy curlings, flows adown his back.
Sparkling his eyes, with full proportion plac'd,
White like the milk, and with a mildness grac'd;
As the sweet doves, when e'er they fondly play
By running waters in a glitt'ring day.
Within his breath, what pleasing sweetness grows!
'Tis spice exhal'd, and mingl'd on the rose.
Within his words, what grace with goodness meets!
So beds of lillies drop with balmy sweets.
What rings of eastern price his finger hold!
Gold decks the fingers, Beryl decks the gold!

Y

His

His Iv'ry shape adorns a costly vest,
 Work paints the skirts, and gems enrich the breast,
 His limbs beneath, his shining sandals case
 Like marble columns on a golden base.

Nor boast that mountain, where the cedar tree
 Perfumes our realm, such num'rous sweets as he.
 O lovely all ! what cou'd my king require
 To make his presence, more the world's desire ?
 And now ye maids if such a friend you know,
 'Tis such my longings look to find below.

While thus her friend, the spouse's Anthems sing,
 Deck'd with the Thummim, crown'd a sacred king,
 The Daughter's hearts, the fine description drew,
 And that which rais'd their wonder, ask'd their view.

Then where, they cry, thou fairest o'er the fair,
 Where goes thy lover, tell the virgins where ?
 What flow'ring walks invite his steps aside ?
 We'll help to seek him, let those walks be try'd.

The

The spouse revolving here, the grand descent,
 'Twas that he promis'd, there, she cries, he went,
 He keeps a garden where the spices breath,
 It's bow'ring borders kiss the vale beneath,
 'Tis there he gathers lillies, there he dwells,
 And binds his flow'rets to unite their smells.
 O 'tis my height of love, that I am his!
 O he is mine, and that's my height of bliss!
 Descend my virgins, well I know the place,
 He feeds in lillies, that's a spotless race.

At dawning day, the bridegroom leave's a bow'r,
 And here he water's, there he prop's a flow'r,
 When the kind damsel, spring of heav'nly flame,
 With Salem's daughters to the garden came.
 Then thus his love the bridegroom's words repeat
 (The smelling borders lent them both a seat.)
 O great as Tirzah! 'twas a regal place
 O fair as Salem! 'tis the realm of peace,
 Whose aspect, awful to the wond'ring eye,
 Appears like armies when the banners fly;

O, turn my sister, O, my beauteous bride,
Thy face o'ercomes me, turn that face aside,
How bright thy locks, how well their number
 paint's
The great assemblies of my lovely saints,
So bright the kids, so numerously fed
Graze the green wealth of lofty Gilead's head.
How pure thy teeth! for equal order made
Each answ'ring each, while all the publick aid,
As when the season bids the shepherd lave
His sheep new shorn within the silver wave,
Wash'd they return in such unfully'd white
So march by pairs, and in the flock unite.
How sweet thy temples! not pomegranates know
With equal modest look to please and glow.
If Solomon his life of pleasure leads,
With wives in numbers, and unnumbered maids,
In other paths, my life of pleasure shewn,
Admits my love, my undefil'd alone,
Thy mother Israel, she the dame who bore
Her choice, my dove, my spotless owns no more;
The

The Gentile queens, at thy appearance, cry
 Hail queen of nations ! hail, the maids reply,
 And thus they sing thy praise : what heav'nly dame
 Springs like the morning with a purple flame ?
 What rises like the morn with silver light ?
 What like the sun affixes the world with sight ?
 Yet awful still, tho' thus serenely kind
 Like hofts with ensigns rattling in the wind.
 I grant I left thy sight, I seem'd to go,
 But was I absent when you fancy'd so ?
 Down to my garden, all my planted vale,
 Where nuts their ground in underwood conceal,
 Where blown pomegranates, there I went to see
 What knitting blossoms, white the bearing tree,
 View the green buds, recall the wand'ring shoots,
 Smell my gay flow'rets, taste my flavour'd fruits,
 Raise the curl'd vine, refresh the spicy beds,
 And joy for ev'ry grace, my garden sheds.
 The Saviour here, and here the church arise,
 And am I thus respected, thus she cries !

I mount

I mount for heav'n transported on the winds,
My flying chariot's drawn by willing minds.

As rap'd with comfort thus the maid withdrew,
The waiting daughters wonder'd where she flew,
And O! return, they cry, for thee we burn,
O maid of Salem, Salem's self return.

And what's in Salem's maid we covet so?
Hear all ye nations — 'tis your bliss below;
That glorious vision by the patriarch seen,
When sky-born beauties march'd the scented green,
There the met fairs, and meeting angels came,
Two lamps of God, Mahanaim was the name.

Again the maid reviews her sacred ground,
Solemn she sits, the damsels sing around.

O prince's daughter! how with shining show
Thy golden shoes prepare thy feet below!
How firm thy joints! what temple-work can be
With all its gems and art preferr'd to thee?

In

In thee, to feed thy lover's faithful race,
 Still flow the riches of abounding grace,
 Pure, large, refreshing, as the waters fall
 From the carv'd navels of the cistern-wall.
 In thee the lover finds his race divine,
 You teem with numbers, they with virtues shine ;
 So wheat with lillies, if their heaps unite,
 The wheat's unnumb'red and the lillies white,
 Like tender roes thy breasts appear above,
 Two types of innocence and twins of love.
 Like Iv'ry turrets seems thy neck to rear,
 O sacred emblem, upright, firm and fair !
 As Heshbon pools, which with a silver state
 Diffuse their waters at their city gate,
 For ever so thy virgin eyes remain,
 So clear within, and so without serene.
 As thro' sweet Firr the royal turret shews,
 Whence Lebanon surveys a realm of foes,
 So thro' thy lovely curls appear thy face
 To watch thy foes, and guard thy faithful race.

The

The richest colours flow'ry Carmel wears,
Red fillets cross'd with purple braid thy hairs;
Yet not more strictly these thy locks restrain
Than thou thy king with strong affections chain,
When from his palace he enjoys thy sight,
O love, O beauty, form'd for all delight!
Srait is thy goodly stature, firm, and high,
As palms aspiring in the brighter sky;
Thy breasts the cluster, (if those breasts we view
As late for beauty, now for profit too.)
Woo'd to thine arms, those arms that oft extend
In the kind posture of a waiting friend,
Each maid of Salem cries, I'll mount the tree,
Hold the broad branches, and depend on thee,
O more than grapes, thy fruit delights the maids,
Thy pleasing breath excels the Citron shades,
Thy mouth exceeds rich wine, the words that go
From those sweet lips, with more refreshment flow,
Their pow'rful graces slumb'ring souls awake
And cause the dead that hear thy voice to speak.

This

This anthem sung, the glorious spouse arose,
Yet thus instructs the daughters ere she goes,
If ought, my damsels in the spouse ye find
Deserving praises, think the lover kind;
To my belov'd these marriage robes I owe,
I'm his desire, and he wou'd have it so.

Scarce spake the spouse, but see the lover near,
Her humble temper brought the Presence here,
Then rais'd by grace, and strongly warm'd by love,
No second Languor lets her Lord remove,
She flies to meet him, zeal supplies the wings,
And thus her haste to work his will she sings;
Come my beloved, to the fields repair,
Come where another spot demands our care,
There in the village we'll to rest recline,
Mean as it is I try to make it thine.
When the first rays their chearing crimson shed,
We'll rise betimes to see the Vineyard spread,
See Vines luxuriant verdur'd leaves display,
Supporting Tendrils curling all the way,

See young unpurpled Grapes in clusters grow,
 And smell Pomegranate blossoms as they blow,
 There will I give my loves, employ my care,
 And as my labours thrive, approve me there:
 Scarce have we pass'd my gate the scent we meet,
 My covering Jessamine diffuse a sweet,
 My spicy flow'rets mingled as they fly,
 With doubling odours crowd a balmy sky.
 Now all the fruits which crown the season view,
 These nearer Fruits are old, and those are new,
 And these, and all of ev'ry loaded tree,
 My love I gather and reserve for thee.
 If then thy spouse's labour please thee well,
 Oh! like my brethren with thy Sister dwell;
 No blameless maid, whose fond caresses meet,
 An Infant-brother in the publick street,
 Clings to it's lips with less reserve than I,
 Wou'd hang on thine where'er I found thee nigh:
 No shame wou'd make me from thy side remove,
 No danger make me not confess thy love.

Strait

Strait to my Mother's house, thine Israel she,
 (And thou my Monarch wou'dst arrive with me,)
 'Tis there I'd lead thee, where I mean to stay,
 'Till thou, by her, instruct my Soul to pray;
 There shal't thou prove my virtues, drink my Wine,
 And feel my joy to find me wholly thine.
 Oh! while my soul were sick thro' fond desire,
 Thine hands shou'd hold me lest my life expire;
 As round a child the Parent's arms are plac'd,
 This holds the head, and that enfolds the waist.

So cast thy cares on me the lover cry'd,
 Lean to my bosom, lean my lovely Bride,
 And now ye daughters of the realm of bliss
 Let nothing discompose a love like this;
 But guard her rest from each approach of ill,
 I caus'd her Languor, guard her while she will.

Here pause the lines, but soon the lines renew,
 Once more the pair celestial, come to view;
 Ah! seek them once, my ravish'd fancy, more
 And then thy songs of Solomon are o'er:

By yon green bank pursue their orb of light,
The Sun shines out, but shines not half so bright.
See Salem's maids in white attend the King,
They greet the Spouses—hark to what they sing.

Who from the Desert, where the wand'ring clouds
High Sinai pierces, comes invol'd with crowds?
'Tis she, the Spouse, Oh! favour'd o'er the rest!
Who walks reclin'd by such a lover's breast.

The Spouse rejoicing heard the kind salute,
And thus address'd him—all the rest were mute.
Beneath the law, our goodly parent tree,
I went my much belov'd in search of thee,
For thee, like one in pangs of travail strove,
Hence, none may wonder if I gain thy love.
As seals their pictures to the wax impart,
So let my picture stamp thy gentle heart,
As fix'd the Signets on our hands remain,
So fix me thine, and ne'er to part again;
For love, is strong as Death, whene'er they strike,
Alike imperious, vainly check'd alike,

But

But dread to loose, love mix'd with jealous dread!
 As soon the marble Tomb resign the dead.
 It's fatal arrows fiery-pointed fall,
 The fire intense, and thine the most of all;
 To slack the points no chilling floods are found,
 Nay thou'd afflictions roll like floods around,
 Were wealth of nations offer'd, all wou'd prove,
 Too small a danger, or a price for love.
 If then with love, this world of worth agree
 With soft regard our little Sister see,
 How far unapt as yet, like maids that own,
 No Breast's at all, or Breasts but hardly grown,
 Her part of Profelyte is scarce a part,
 Too much a Gentile at her erring heart,
 Her day draws nearer, what have we to do,
 Least she be ask'd, and prove unworthy too?
 Despair not Spouse, he cries, we'll find the means,
 Her good beginnings ask the greater pains.
 Let her but stand, she thrives; a wall too low
 Is not rejected for the standing so;

What

What falls is only lost, we'll build her high,
'Till the rich palace glitters in the sky.
The Door that's weak, (what need we spare the cost?)
If tis a door, we need not think it lost ;
The Leaves she brings us, if those Leaves be good,
We'll close in Cedar's uncorrupting wood.

Rap'd with the news, the spouse converts her eyes,
And Oh ! companions, to the maids she cries ;
What joys are ours to hail the nuptial day
Which calls our Sister ?—Hark I hear her say,
Yes I'm a wall, lo ! she that boasted none,
Now boasts of Breasts unmeasurably grown,
Large tow'ry buildings, where securely rest,
A thousand thousand of my lovers guests ;
The vast increase affords his heart delight,
And I find favour in his Heav'nly sight.
The Lover here, to make her rapture last,
Thus adds assurance to the promise past.

A spacious Vineyard in BAAL-HAMON vale,
The vintage set, by Solomon, to sale,

His

His keepers took ; and ev'ry keeper paid
 A thousand Purfes for the gains he made.
 And I've a vintage too ; his vintage bleeds
 A large increafe, but my return exceeds.
 Let Solomon receive his keepers pay,
 He gains his thousand, their two hundred they,
 Mine is mine own, 'tis in my prefence ftill,
 And fhall increafe the more, the more ſhe will.
 My love my Vineyard, Oh the future ſhoots,
 Which fill my garden rows with ſacred fruits !
 I ſaw the liſt'ning maids attend thy voice,
 And in their liſt'ning ſaw their eyes rejoice,
 A due ſucceſs thy words of comfort met,
 Now turn to me—'tis I wou'd hear thee yet.
 Say dove and ſpotleſs, for I muſt away,
 Say Spouſe and Siſter, all you wiſh to ſay
 He ſpake, the place was bright with lambent fire,
 (But what is brightneſs if the Chriſt retire ?)
 Gold bord'ring purple mark'd his road in air,
 And kneeling all, the Spouſe addreſs'd the pray'r.

Deſire

176 *PARNELL's POEMS.*

Desire of nations ! if thou must be gone,
 Accept our wishes, all compriz'd in one ;
 We wait thine advent, Oh we long to see,
 I and my Sister, both as one in thee.
 Then leave thy Heav'n, and come and dwell below,
 Why said I leave ? — 'tis Heav'n where ere you go.
 Haste my belov'd, thy promise haste to crown,
 The form thou'lt honour waits thy coming down,
 Nor let such swiftness in the Roes be shewn
 To save themselves, as thine to save thine own.
 Haste like the nimblest Harts, that lightly bound
 Before the stretches of the swiftest Hound,
 With reaching feet devour a level way,
 Across their backs their branching antlers lay,
 In the cool dews their bending body ply,
 And brush the spicy mountains as thy fly,

JOHNAH.

JONAH.

THUS sung the king — some angel reach a
bough
From Eden's tree to crown the wisest brow,
And now thou fairest garden ever made,
Broad banks of spices, blossom'd walks of shade,
O Lebanon! where much I love to dwell,
Since I must leave thee Lebanon, farewell!

Swift from my soul the fair Idea flies,
A wilder sight the changing scene supplies,
Wide seas come rolling to my future page,
And storms stand ready when I call, to rage.
Then go where Joppa crowns the winding shore,
The prophet Jonah just arrives before,
He sees a ship unmooring, soft the gales,
He pays, and enters, and the vessel sails.

Ah wou'dst thou fly thy God? rash man forbear,
What land so distant but thy God is there?

A a

Weak

Weak reason, cease thy voice. — They run the
deep,

And the tir'd prophet lays his limbs to sleep.

Here God speaks louder, sends a storm to sea,

The clouds remove to give the vengeance way;

Strong blasts come whistling, by degrees they roar

And shove big farges tumbling on to shore;

The vessel bounds, then rolls, and ev'ry blast

Works hard to tear her by the groaning mast;

The sailors doubling all their shouts and cares

Furl the white canvas, and cast forth the wares,

Each seek the God their native regions own,

In vain they seek them, for those Gods were none.

Yet Jonah slept the while, who solely knew,

In all that number, where to find the true.

To whom the pilot, sleeper, rise and pray,

Our Gods are deaf; may thine do more than they.

But thus they rest, perhaps we wait a foe

To heav'n itself, and that's our cause of woe;

Let's

Let's seek by lots, if heav'en be pleas'd to tell,
 And what they sought by lots, on Jonah fell :
 Then whence he came, and who, and what, and why
 Thus rag'd the tempest, all confus'dly cry,
 Each press'd in haste to get his question heard
 When Jonah stops them with a grave regard.

An Hebrew man you see, who God revere,
 He made this world, and makes this world his care,
 His the whirl'd sky, these waves that lift their head,
 And his yon land, on which you long to tread.
 He charg'd me late, to Nineveh repair,
 And to their face denounce his sentence there :
 Go, said the vision, prophet, preach to all,
 Yet forty days and Nineveh shall fall.
 But well I knew him gracious to forgive,
 And much my zeal abhor'd the bad shou'd live,
 And if they turn they live ; then what were I
 But some false prophet when they fail to die ?
 Or what I fanci'd had the Gentiles too
 With Hebrew prophets, and their God to do ?

Drawn by the wilful thoughts, my foil I run
I fled his presence and the work's undone.

The storm increases as the prophet speaks,
O'er the toss'd ship, a foaming billow breaks,
She rises pendant on the lifted waves
And thence descries a thousand watry graves,
Then downward rushing, watry mountains hide
Her hulk beneath in deaths on ev'ry side.
O cry the sailors all, thy fact was ill,
Yet, if a prophet, speak thy master's will,
What part is ours with thee? can ought remain
To bring the blessings of a calm again?

Then Jonah — mine's the death will best atone
(And God is pleas'd that I pronounce my own)
Arise and cast me forth, the wind will cease,
The sea subsiding wear the looks of peace,
And you securely steer. For well I see
Myself the criminal, the storm for me.

Yet

Yet pity moves for one that owns a blame,
And awe resulting from a prophet's name ;
Love pleads, he kindly meant for them to die,
Fear pleads against him, lest they pow'r defy :
If then to aid the flight abets the sin,
They think to land him, where they took him in.
Perhaps to quit the cause, might end the woe
And God appeasing, let the vessel go.
For this they fix their oars and strike the main
But God withstands them, and they strike in vain.

The storm increases more with want of light,
Low black'ning clouds involve the ship in night,
Thick batt'ring rains fly thro' the driving skies,
Loud thunder bellows, darted light'ning flies,
A dreadful picture night-born horror drew,
And his, or their's, or both their fates, they view.

Then thus to God they cry ; Almighty pow'r,
Whom we ne'er knew 'till this despairing hour,
From this devoted blood thy servants free,
To us he's innocent, if so to thee ;

In

In all the past we see thy wond'rous hand,
And that he perish, think it thy command.

This pray'r perform'd, they cast the prophet o'er
A surge receives him and he mounts no more ;
Then still's the thunder, cease the flames of blue,
The rains abated and the winds withdrew,
The clouds ride off, and as they march away,
Thro' ev'ry breaking, shoots a chearful day ;
The sea, which rag'd so loud, accepts the prize,
A while it rolls, then, all the tempest dies,
By gradual sinking, flat the surface grows
And safe the vessel with the sailors goes.
The Lion thus, that bounds the fences o'er,
And makes the Mountain-Ecchoes learn to roar,
If on the lawn a branching deer he rend,
Then falls his hunger, all his roarings end,
Murm'ring a while, to rest his limbs he lays,
And the freed lawn enjoys it's herd at ease.

Bless'd with the sudden calm, the sailors own
That wretched Jonah worship'd right alone,

Then

Then make their vows, the victim sheep prepare,
Bemoan the prophet, and the God revere.

Now tho' you fear to loose the pow'r to breath,
Now tho' you tremble, Fancy, dive beneath;
What world of wonders in the deep are seen;
But this the greatest — Jonah lives within!
The man who fondly fled the Maker's view
Strange as the crime has found a dungeon too.
God sent a monster of the frothing sea,
Fit by the bulk, to gorge the living prey,
And lodge him still alive, this hulk receives
The falling prophet, as he dash'd the waves.
There newly wak'd, from fanci'd death he lies,
And oft again in apprehension dies;
While three long days and nights depriv'd of sleep,
He turn'd and tofs'd him up and down the deep.
He thinks the judgment of the strangest kind,
And much he wonders what the Lord design'd;
Yet since he lives, the gift of life he weighs,
That's time for pray'r, and thus a ground for praise;
From

From the dark entrails of the whale to thee,
(This new contrivance of a hell to me)
To thee my God I cry'd, my full distress
Pierc'd thy kind ear, and brought my soul redress.
Cast to the deep I fell, by thy command,
Cast in the midst beyond the reach of land;
Then to the midst brought down, the seas abide
Beneath my feet, the seas on ev'ry side,
In storms the billow, and in calms, the wave
Are moving ev'nings to my wand'ring grave,
Forc'd by despair I cry'd; how to my cost
I fled thy presence, Oh for ever lost!
But hope revives my soul, and makes me say,
Yet tow'rd's thy temple shall I turn and pray,
Or if I know not here, where Salem lies
Thy temple's heav'n, and faith has inward eyes.
Alas! the waters which my whale furround,
Have thro' my sorrow'ng soul a passage found,
And now the dungeon moves, new depths I try,
New thoughts of danger all his paths supply.

The

The last of Deeps affords the last of dread,
 And wraps its funeral weeds around my head :
 Now o'er the sand his rollings seem to go
 Where the big mountains, root their base below ;
 And now to rocks and clefts their course they take,
 Earth's endless bars, too strong for me to break ;
 Yet from th' Abyss, my God ! thy grace divine
 Hath call'd him upward, and my life is mine.
 Still as I tofs'd, I scarce retain'd my breath,
 My soul was sick within, and faint to death.
 'Twas then I thought of thee, for pity pray'd,
 And to thy temple flew the pray'rs I made.
 The men, whom lying vanity insnared
 Forfaketh thy mercy, that which might be theirs.
 But I will pay — my God ! my King ! receive
 The solemn vows, my full affection gave,
 When in thy temple, for a psalm, I sing
 Salvation only from my God my king.

Thus ends the prophet, first from Canaan sent,
 To let the Gentiles know they must repent :

God hears, and speaks; the Whale at God's command,
Heaves to the light, and casts him forth to land.

With long fatigue, with unexpected ease,
Oppress'd a while, he lies aside the seas,
His eyes tho' glad, in strange astonish'd way
Stare at the golden front of chearful day ;
Then slowly rais'd he sees the wonder plain,
And what he pray'd, he wrote to sing again.

The song recorded brings his vow to mind,
He must be thankful, for the Lord was kind ;
Strait to the work he shun'd, he flies in haste,
(That seems his vow, or seems a part at least,)
Preaching he comes, and thus denounc'd to all,
Yet forty days and Nineveh shall fall,
Fear seiz'd the Gentiles, Nineveh believes,
All fast with Penitence, and God forgives.

Nor yet of use the prophet's suff'ring fails,
Hell's deep black bosom more than shews the
Whales,

But

But some resemblance brings a type to view,
 The place was dark, the time proportion'd too.
 A race the Saviour cries, a sinful race,
 Tempts for a sign, the pow'rs of Heav'nly grace,
 And let them take the sign, as Jonah lay,
 Three days and nights within the fish of prey,
 So shall the Son of Man descend below,
 Earth's op'ning Entrails shall retain him so.

My soul now seek the song, and find me there,
 What Heav'n has shewn thee to repel despair ;
 See where from Hell, she breaks the crumbling
 ground,
 Her hairs stand upright, and they stare around ;
 Her horrid front, deep-trenching wrinkles trace,
 Lean sharp'ning looks deform her livid face ;
 Bent lie the brows, and at the bend below,
 With fire and blood, two wand'ring eye-balls glow ;
 Fill'd are her arms with num'rous aids to kill,
 And God she fancies but the judge of ill ;
 Oh fair-ey'd HOPE ! thou see'st the passion nigh,
 Daughter of PROMISE, Oh forbear to fly !

188 *PARNELL's POEMS.*

Affurance holds thee, fear would have thee go,
 Close thy blue wings and stand thy deadly foe,
 The judge of ill is still the Lord of grace,
 As such behold him in the Prophet's case,
 Cast to be drown'd, devour'd within the sea,
 Sunk to the deep, and yet restor'd to day.

Oh love the Lord my soul, whose parent care
 So rules the world, he punishes to spare.
 If heavy grief my downcast heart oppresses,
 My body danger, or my state distress,
 With low submission in thy temper bow,
 Like Jonah pray, like Jonah make thy vow,
 With hopes of comfort kiss the chast'ning rod,
 And shunning mad despair, repose in God ;
 Then whatsoe'er the Prophet's vow design,
 Repentance, Thanks, and Charity be mine.

HEZEKIAH.

FROM the bleak Beach, and broad expanse of
 sea,
 To lofty Salem, Thought direct thy way ;
 Mount

Mount thy light chariot, move along the plains,
And end thy flight when HEZEKIAH reigns.

How swiftly thought has pass'd from land to land,
And quite outrun Time's meas'ring glass of sand,
Great Salem's walls appear and I resort,
To view the state of HEZEKIAH's court.

Well may that king a pious verse inspire,
Who cleans'd the temple, who reviv'd the choir,
Pleas'd with the service David fix'd before,
That heav'nly musick might on earth adore.
Deep-rob'd in white, he made the Levites stand
With Cymbals, Harps, and Psaltries in their hand;
He gave the Priests their trumpets, prompt to raise
The tuneful soul, by force of sound to praise.
A skilful master for the song he chose,
The songs were David's these, and ASAPH's those.
Then burns their off'ring, all around rejoice,
Each tunes his instrument to join the voice;
The trumpets sounded, and the singers sung,
The People worship'd and the temple rung.

Each

Each while the victim burns presents his heart,
Then the Priest blesses, and the People part.

Hail sacred musick ! since you know to draw
The soul to Heav'n, the spirit to the law,
I come to prove thy force, thy warbling string,
May tune my soul to write what others sing.

But is this Salem ? this the promis'd bliss,
These sighs and groans ? what means the realm by
this ?

What solemn sorrow dwells in ev'ry street ?
What fear confounds the downcast looks I meet ?
Alas the King ! whole nations sink with woe,
When righteous Kings are summon'd hence to go ;
The King lies sick, and thus to speak his doom,
The Prophet, grave ISAIAH, stalks the room :
Oh Prince thy servant sent from God, believe,
Set all in order for thou can'st not live.
Solemn he said, and sighing left the place,
Deep prints of horror furrow'd ev'ry face,

Within

Within their minds appear eternal glooms,
 Black gaping marbles of their monarchs tombs,
 A King belov'd deceas'd, his offspring none,
 And wars destructive, e'er they fix the throne.
 Strait to the wall he turn'd with dark despair,
 ('Twas tow'rd's the temple, or for private pray'r,)
 And thus to God the pious monarch spoke,
 Who burn'd the groves, the brazen serpent broke :
 Remember Lord with what a heart for right,
 What care for truth, I walk'd within thy fight.

'Twas thus with terror, pray'rs and tears he
 tofs'd,

When the mid-court the grave IASIAH cross'd,
 Whom in the cedar columns of the square,
 Meets a sweet Angel hung in glitt'ring air.
 Seiz'd with a trance he stop'd, before his eye
 Clears a rais'd arch of visionary sky,
 Where as a minute pass'd, the greater light
 Purpling appear'd, and south'd and set in night ;
 A Moon succeeding leads the starry train,
 She glides, and sinks her silver horns again :

A second

A second fanci'd morning drives the shades ;
Clos'd by the dark the second ev'ning fades ;
The third bright dawn awakes, and strait he sees
The temple rise, the monarch on his knees.
Pleas'd with the scene, his inward thoughts rejoice,
When thus the Guardian angel form'd a voice.
Now tow'rd's the captain of my people go,
And, SEER, relate him what thy visions show,
The Lord has heard his words, and seen his tears,
And through fifteen extends his future years.

Here to the room prepar'd with dismal black,
The Prophet turning, brought the comfort back.
Oh monarch hail, he cry'd, thy words are heard,
Thy virtuous actions meet a kind regard,
God gives thee fifteen years, when thrice a day,
Shews the round Sun, within the temple pray.

When thrice the day ! surpriz'd the monarch cries,
When thrice the Sun ! what pow'r have I to rise !
But if thy comfort's human or divine,
'Tis short to prove it——give thy prince a sign.
Behold

Behold, the Prophet cry'd, (and stretch'd his
hands)
Against yon lattice where the dial stands,
Now shall the Sun a backward journey go
Through ten drawn lines, or leap to ten below.
'Tis easier posting nature's airy track,
Replies the monarch, let the Sun go back.
Attentive here he gaz'd, the prophet pray'd,
Back went the Sun, and back pursu'd the shade.

Chear'd by the sign, and by the Prophet heal'd,
What sacred thanks his gratitude reveal'd?
As sickly Swallows when a summer ends,
Who miss'd the passage with their flying friends,
Take to a wall, there lean the languid head,
While all who find them think the sleepers dead,
If yet their warmth new days of summer bring,
They wake and joyful flutter up to sing.
So far'd the monarch, sick to death he lay,
His court despair'd, and watch'd the last decay,
At length new favour shines, new life he gains,
And rais'd he sings; 'tis thus the song remains.

I said my God when in the loath'd disease
 Thy Prophet's words cut off my future days,
 Now to the grave with mournful haste I go,
 Now death unbars his sable gates below.
 How might my years by course of nature last?
 But thou pronounc'd'st it, and the prospect pass'd.
 I said, my God, thy servant now no more
 Shall in thy Temple's sacred courts adore,
 No more on earth with living man converse,
 Shrunk in a cold uncomfortable hearth.
 My life, like tents which wand'ring shepherds raise,
 Proves a short dwelling and removes at ease.
 My sins pursue me, see the deadly band,
 My God, who sees them, cuts me from the land;
 As when a weaver finds his labour sped,
 Swift from the beam he parts the fast'ning thread.
 With pining sickness all from night to day,
 From day to night, he makes my strength decay:
 Reck'ning the time, I roll with restless groans,
 'Till with a lion's force, he crush my bones,

New

New-morning dawns, but like the morning past,
 'Tis day, 'tis night, and still my sorrows last.
 Now screaming like the Crane my words I spoke,
 Now like the swallow, chatt'ring quick and broke,
 Now like the doleful dove, when on the plains
 Her mourning tone affects the list'ning swains.
 To heav'n for aid my wearying eyes I throw,
 At length they're weary'd quite, and sink with woe:
 From death's arrest for some delays I sue,
 Thou Lord who judg'd me, thou reprieve me too.

Rapture of joy! what can thy servant say?
 He sent his Prophet to prolong my day;
 Through my glad Limbs I feel the wonder run,
 Thus said the Lord, and this Himself has done.
 Soft shall I walk, and well secur'd from fears
 Possess the comforts of my future years.
 Keep soft my heart, keep humble while they roll,
 Nor e'er forget my bitterness of soul.
 'Tis by the means thy sacred words supply
 That mankind live, but in peculiar I;

A second grant thy mercy pleas'd to give,
And my rais'd spirits doubly seem to live.
Behold the time when peace adorn'd my reign
'Twas then I felt my stroke of humbling pain;
Corruption dug her pit, I fear'd to sink,
God lov'd my soul, and snatch'd me from the brink.
He turn'd my follies from his gracious eye,
As men who pass accounts and call them by.

What mouth has death which can thy praise
proclaim?

What tongue the grave to speak thy glorious name?
Or will the senseless dead exult with mirth,
Mov'd to their hope by promises on earth?
The living Lord, the living only praise,
The living only fit to sing thy lays,
These feel thy favours, these thy temple see,
These raise the song, as I this day to thee.
Nor will thy truth the present only reach,
This the good fathers shall their offspring teach,

Report

Report the blessings which adorn my page,
And hand their own with mine from age to age.

So when the Maker heard his creature crave,
So kindly rose his ready Will to save.
Then march we solemn tow'rds the Temple door,
While all our joyful musick sounds before,
There on this day through all my life appear,
When this comes round in each returning year,
There strike the strings, our voices jointly raise
And let his dwellings hear my songs of praise.

Thus wrote the monarch, and I'll think the lay
Design'd for publick when he went to pray ;
I'll think the perfect composition runs,
Perform'd by Heman's or Jeduthun's sons.

Then since the time arrives the Seer foretold,
And the third morning rolls an orb of gold,
With thankful zeal recover'd prince prepare
To lead thy nation to the Dome of pray'r.

My

My fancy takes her chariot once again,
Moves the rich wheels, and mingles in thy train,
She sees the fingers reach Moriah's hill,
The minstrels follow, then the porches fill,
She wakes the num'rous instruments of art,
That each perform its own adapted part,
Seeks airs expressive of thy grateful strains,
And list'ning hears the vary'd tune she feigns.

From a grave pitch, to speak the Monarch's woe,
The notes flow down and deeply found below,
All long-continuing, while depriv'd of ease
He rolls for tedious nights and heavy days.
Here intermix'd with discord, when the Crane
Screams in the notes through sharper sense of pain;
There run with descant on, and taught to shake
When pangs repeated force the voice to break;
Now like the dove they murmur, 'till in sighs
They fall, and languish with the failing eyes.
Then slowly slack'ning, to surprize the more,
From a dead pause, his exclamations soar,

To

To meet brisk health the notes ascending fly,
Live with the living, and exult on high.
Yet still distinct in parts the musick plays,
'Till prince and people both are call'd to praise,
Then all uniting strongly strike the string
Put forth their utmost breath, and loudly sing;
The wide spread chorus fills the sacred ground,
And holy transport scales the clouds with sound.

Or thus, or livelier, if their hand and voice
Join'd the good anthem, might the realm rejoice.

This story known, the learn'd Chaldeans came
Drawn by the sign observ'd, or mov'd by fame;
These ask the fact for Hezekiah done,
And much they wonder at their God the fun,
That thrice he drove through one extent of day
His gold-shod horses in ethereal way:
Then vainly ground their guesses on nature's laws,
The soundest knowledge owns a greater cause.

Faith

Faith knows the fact transcends, and bids me find
 What help for practice here incites the mind ;
 Strait to the song, the thankful song I move,
 May such the voice of ev'ry creature prove,
 If ev'ry creature meets its share of woe,
 And for kind rescues ev'ry creature owe,
 In publick so thy Maker's praise proclaim,
 Nor what you beg'd with tears, conceal with shame.

'Tis there the ministry thy name repeat
 And tell what mercies were vouchsaf'd of late,
 Then joins the church, and begs through all our days
 Not only with our lips, but lives to praise.

'Tis there our Sov'reigns for a signal day,
 The feast proclaim'd, their signal thanks repay.
 O'er the long streets we see the chariots wheel,
 And, following, think of Hezekiah still,
 In the bless'd Dome we meet the white-rob'd Choir,
 In whose sweet notes our ravish'd souls aspire,
 Side answ'ring side we hear and bear a part,
 All warm'd with language from the grateful heart,

Or

Or raise the song, where meeting keys rejoice,
And teach the Base to wed the treble voice ;
Arts soft'ning eccho's in the musick sound,
And answ'ring natures from the roof rebound.

Here close my verse, the service asks no more,
Bless thy good God, and give the transport o'er.

HABAKKUK.

NOW leave the Porch, to vision now retreat,
Where the next rapture glows with varying
heat ;

Now change the time, and change the Temple scene,
The following Seer forewarns a future reign.

To some retirement, where the Prophets sons
Indulge their holy flight, my fancy runs,
Some sacred College built for praise and pray'r
And heav'nly dream, she seeks HABAKKUK there.
Perhaps 'tis there he moans the nation's sin,
Hears the word come, or feels the fit within,

D d

Or

Or sees the vision fram'd with Angels hands,
And dreads the judgments of revolted lands,
Or holds a converse if the Lord appear,
And, like Elijah, wraps his face for fear.
This deep recess portends an act of weight,
A message lab'ring with the work of fate.

Methinks the Skies have lost their lovely blue,
A storm rides fiery, thick the clouds ensue.
Fal'n to the ground with prostrate face I lye,
Oh! 'twere the same in this to gaze and dye!
But hark the Prophet's voice, my pray'rs complain,
Of labour spent, of Preaching urg'd in vain.
And must, my God, thy sorrowing servant still,
Quit my lone joys to walk this world of ill?
Where spoiling rages, strife and wrong command,
And the slack'd laws no longer curb the land?

At this a strange and more than human sound
Thus breaks the cloud and daunts the trembling
ground.

Behold

Behold ye Gentiles, wond'ring all behold,
 What scarce ye credit tho' the work be told,
 For lo the proud Chaldean troops I raise,
 To march the breadth and all the region seize,
 Fierce as the proling wolves at close of day,
 And swift as eagles in pursuit of prey.
 As eastern winds to blast the season blow
 For blood and rapine flies the dreadful foe;
 Leads the sad captives countless as the sand,
 Derides the princes and destroy's the land.
 Yet these triumphant grown offend me more,
 And only thank the Gods they chose before.

Art thou not holiest, here the prophet cries,
 Supream, Eternal, of the purest eyes?
 And shall those eyes the wicked realms regard,
 Their crimes be great yet vict'ry their reward?
 Shall these still ravage more and more to reign,
 Draw the full net, and cast to fill again?
 As watch-men silent sit, I wait to see
 How solves my doubt, what speaks the Lord to me?

204 *PARNELL's POEMS.*

Then go, the Lord reply's, suspend thy fears,
And write the vision for a term of years.
Thy foes will feel their turn when those are past,
Wait tho' it tarry, sure it comes at last,
'Tis for their rapine, lusts and thirst of blood
And all their unprotecting God's of wood.
The Lord is present on his sacred hill,
Cease thy weak doubts, and let the world be still.

Here terroure leaves me with exalted head,
I breath fine air, and find the vision fled,
The See'r withdrawn, inspir'd, and urg'd to write,
By the warm influence of the sacred sight.

His writing finish'd, Prophet-like array'd,
He brings the burthen on the region laid ;
His hands a tablet and a volume bear,
The tablet threatnings, and the volume pray'r,
Both for the temple, where to shun decay,
Enroll'd the works of inspiration lay.
And awful oft he stops, or marches slow,
While the dull'd nation hears him preach their woe.

Arriv'd

Arriv'd at length, with grave concern for all,
 He fix'd his table on the sacred wall.
 'Twas large inscrib'd that those who run might read,
 "Habakkuk's burthen by the Lord decreed,
 "For Judah's sins, her empire is no more,
 "The fierce Chaldeans bath her realm in gore".

Next to the priest his volume he resign'd,
 'Twas pray'r with praises mix'd to raise the mind,
 'Twas facts recounted which their fathers knew,
 'Twas pow'r in wonders manifest to view.
 'Twas comfort rais'd on love already past,
 And hope that former love returns at last.

The priests within the prophecy convey'd,
 The fingers tunes to join his anthem made.
 Hear and attend the words. And holy thou
 That help'd the prophet, help the Poet now.

O Lord who rules the world, with mortal ear
 I've heard thy judgments, and I shake for fear.

O Lord

O Lord by whom their numbred years we find,
E'en in the midst receive the drooping mind;
E'en in the midst thou canst — then make it
known

Thy love, thy will, thy power, to save thine own.
Remember mercy tho' thine anger burn,
And soon to Salem bid thy flock return.
O Lord who gav'st it, with an outstretch'd hand,
We well remember how thou gav'st the land.

God came from Teman, southward sprung the
flame,

From Paron-mount the one that's Holy came,
A glitt'ring glory made the desert blaze,
High Heav'n was cover'd, earth was fill'd with
praise.

Dazzling the brightness, not the sun so bright,
'Twas here the pure substantial Fount of Light,
Shot from his hand and side in golden streams,
Came forward effluent horny-pointed beams :

Thus

Thus shone his coming, as sublimely fair
 As bounded nature has been fram'd to bear,
 But all his further marks of grandeur hid,
 Nor what he cou'd was known, but what he did.
 Dire plagues before him ran at his command,
 To waste the nations in the promis'd land.
 A scorching flame went forth where're he trod,
 And burning Fevers were the coals of God.
 Fix'd on the mount he stood, his meas'ring reed
 Marks the rich realms for Jacob's seed decreed :
 He looks with anger and the nations fly,
 From the fierce sparklings of his dreadful eye.
 He turns, the mountain shakes its awful brow,
 Awful he turns, and hills eternal bow.
 How glory there, how terroure here, displays
 His great unknown yet everlasting ways.

I see the Sable tents along the strand
 Where Cushan wander'd, desolately stand,
 And Midian's high pavilions shake with dread,
 While the tam'd seas thy rescu'd nation tread.

What

What burst the path ? what made the Lord engage ?
Cou'd waters anger ? seas incite thy rage ?
That thus thine horses force the foaming tide
And all the chariots of salvation ride.
Thy bow was bare for what thy mercy swore,
Those oaths, that promise Israel had before.

The rock that felt thee cleav'd, the rivers flow,
The wond'ring desert lends them beds below.
Thy Might the mountain's heaving shocks confess'd,
High shatter'd Horeb trembled o'er the rest.
Great Jordan pass'd its nether waters by,
Its upper waters rais'd the voice on high,
Safe in the deep we went, the liquid wall
Curling arose, and had no leave to fall.
The sun effulgent and the moon serene,
Stop'd by thy will, their heav'nly course refrain,
The voice was Man's, yet both the voice obey,
'Till wars compleated close the lengthen'd day.
Thy glitt'ring spears, thy ratling darts prevail,
Thy spears of lightning and thy darts of hail.

'Twas

'Twas thou that march'd against their heathen band
 Rage in thy visage, and thy flail in hand;
 'Twas thou that went before to wound their head
 The captain follow'd where the Saviour led,
 Torn from their earth they feel the desp'rate wound,
 And pow'r unfounded fails for want of ground.
 With village-war thy tribes where'er they go
 Distress the the remnant of the scatter'd foe;
 Yet mad they rush'd, as whirling wind descends,
 And deem'd for friendless those the Lord befriends.
 Thy trampling horse from sea to sea subdue,
 The bounding ocean left no more to do.

O when I heard what thou vouchsaf'd to win
 With works of wonder must be lost for sin,
 I quak'd thro' fear, the voice forsook my tongue,
 Or at my lips with quiv'ring accent hung;
 Dry leaness ent'ring to my marrow came,
 And ev'ry loos'ning nerve unstrung my frame.
 How shall I rest, in what protecting shade,
 When the day comes, and hostile troops invade?

E e

Tho'

210 *PARNELL'S POEMS.*

Tho' neither blossoms on the Fig appear,
 Nor vines with clusters deck the purpling year,
 Tho' all our labours olive-trees belie,
 Tho' fields the substance of the bread deny,
 Tho' flocks are sever'd from the silent Fold,
 And the rais'd stalls no lowing cattle hold,
 Yet shall my soul be glad, in God rejoice,
 Yet to my Saviour will I lift my voice,
 Yet to my Saviour still my temper sings,
 What David set to instruments of strings :
 The Lord's my strength, like Hinds he makes my
 feet,
 Yon mount's my refuge, I as safely fleet,
 Or (if the song's apply'd) he makes me still
 Expect returning to Moriah's hill.

In all this hymn what daring grandeur shines,
 What darting glory rays among the lines,
 What mountains, earthquakes, clouds, and smokes
 are seen,
 What ambient fires conceal the Lord within,

What

What working wonders give the promis'd place
And load the conduct of a stubborn race!
In all the work a lively fancy flows,
O'er all the work sincere affection glows,
While Truth's firm Rein the course of fancy guides
And o'er affection Zeal divine presides.

Born on the prophet's wings, methinks I fly
Amongst eternal Attributes on high,
And here I touch at love supremely fair,
And now at pow'r, anon at mercy there;
So like a warbling bird my tunes I raise
On those green boughs the Tree of life displays,
Whose twelve fair fruits each month by turns receives
And for the nations healing ope their leaves.
Then be the nations heal'd, for this I sing
Descending softly from the prophet's wing.

Thou world attend the case of Israel see,
'Twill thus at large refer to God and thee.
If love be shewn thee, turn thine eyes above
And pay the duties relative to love;

If pow'r be shewn, and wonderfully so,
 Wonder and thank, adore and bow below.
 If pow'r that led thee now no longer lead,
 But brow-bent Justice draws the flaming blade,
 When love is scorn'd, when sin the sword provokes,
 Let tears and pray'rs avert or heal the strokes;
 If justice leaves to wound, and thou to groan
 Beneath new Lords in countries not thine own,
 Know this for Mercy's act, and let your lays
 Grateful in all, recount the cause of praise!
 Then love returns, and while no sins divide
 The firm alliance, pow'r will shield thy side.
 See the grand round of providence's care,
 See realms assisted here, and punish'd there,
 O'er the just circle cast thy wond'ring eyes,
 Thank while you gaze, and study to be wise.

THE

The Vision of Piety.

T WAS when the night in silent sable fled,
When chearful morning sprung with rising
red,

When dream and vapours leave to crowd the brain,
And best the vision draws it's Heav'nly scene,

'Twas then as slumb'ring on my couch I lay,

A sudden splendor seem'd to kindle day,

A Breeze came breathing, in a sweet perfume,

Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room;

And in a void of blew, that Clouds invest,

Appear'd a Daughter of the realms of rest.

Her head a ring of golden Glory wore,

Her honour'd Hand the sacred volume bore;

Her raiment glitt'ning seem'd a silver white,

And all her sweet Companions sons of light.

Strait as I gaz'd my fear and wonder grew,

Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view;

When lo! the Cherub of the shining crowd,

That sail'd as Gaurdian in her azure cloud,

Fann'd

Fann'd the soft air, and downward seem'd to glide,
And to my Lips a living Coal apply'd ;

Then while the warmth o'er all my Pulses ran
Diffusing comfort, thus the Maid began.

“ Where glorious mansions are prepar'd above,
“ The seats of musick and the seats of love,
“ Thence I descend, and PIETY my name,
“ To warm thy bosom with cælestial flame,
“ To teach thee praises mix'd with humble pray'rs,
“ And tune thy Soul to sing seraphick airs ;
“ Be thou my Bard. ” A vial here she caught,
(An Angel's hand the chrystal vial brought,)
And as with awful sound the word was said,
She pour'd a sacred unction on my Head.
Then thus proceeded ; “ Be thy muse thy zeal,
“ Dare to be good and all my joys reveal ;
“ While other pencils flatt'ring forms create,
“ And paint the gawdy plumes that deck the Great,
“ While other Pens exalt the vain delight,
“ Whose wasteful Revel wakes the depth of night,
“ Or

“ Or others softly sing in idle lines,
 “ How Damon courts, or Amaryllis shines,
 “ More wisely thou select a theme divine,
 “ 'Tis flames their recompence, 'tis Heav'n is thine.

“ Despise the raptures of discorded fire,
 “ Where wine, or passion, or applause inspire,
 “ Low restless life, and ravings born of earth,
 “ Whose meaner subjects speak their humble birth,
 “ Like working seas, that when loud winters blow,
 “ Not made for rising, only rage below ;
 “ Mine is a warm and yet a lambent heat,
 “ More lasting still as more intensely great ;
 “ Produc'd where pray'r and praise and pleasure
 breath,
 “ And ever mounting whence it shot beneath.
 “ Unpaint the love, that hov'ring over beds,
 “ From glittering pinnions guilty pleasure sheds,
 “ Restore the colour to the Golden Mines,
 “ With which behind the feather'd Idol shines.

“ To

“ To flow’ring greens restore their native care,
“ The rose and lilly never his to wear ;
“ To sweet Arabia send the balmy breath,
“ Strip the fair flesh, and call the Phantom death :
“ His bow be sabl’d ore, his shafts the same,
“ And fork and point them with eternal flame.

“ But urge thy pow’rs, thy utmost voice advance,
“ Make the loud strings against thy Finger dance,
“ ’Tis love that Angels praise, and Men adore,
“ ’Tis love divine that asks it all and more ;
“ Fling back the gates of ever blazing day,
“ Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way,
“ And all in Glory wrapt thro’ paths untrod,
“ Pursue the great unseen Descent of God,
“ Hail the meek Virgin, bid the Child appear,
“ The child is God, and call him Jesus here.
“ He comes ! but where to rest ? A Manger’s nigh,
“ Make the great Being in a Manger lye.
“ Fill the wide skies, with Angels on the wing,
“ Make thousands gaze, and make ten thousand
sing :

“ Let

" Let Men afflict him, Men he came to save,
 " And still afflict him, 'till he reach the Grave.
 " Make him resign'd, his loads of sorrow meet,
 " And me like Mary weep beneath his feet,
 " I'll bathe my tresses there, my Pray'rs rehearse,
 " And glide in flames of love, along my verse.

" Ah! while I speak, I feel my bosom swell,
 " My raptures smother what I long to tell!
 " 'Tis God! a present God! thro' cleaving air
 " I see the Throne and see the Jesus there
 " Plac'd on the right; he shews the wounds he bore,
 " (My fervors oft have won him thus before,)
 " How pleas'd he looks! my words have reach'd
 his ear,
 " He bids the Gates unbar and calls me near."

She ceas'd: The cloud on which she seem'd to
 tread,
 It's curls unfolded, and around her spread;
 Bright Angels waft their wings to raise the cloud,
 And sweep their Iv'ry Lutes and sing aloud.

The scene moves off, while all it's ambient sky,
Is turn'd to wondrous musick as they fly,
And soft the swelling sounds of musick grow,
And faint their softness, till they fail below.

My downy sleep the warmth of Phæbus broke,
And while my thoughts were set'ling, thus I spoke,
Thou beauteous Vision, on the soul imprest,
When most my reason would appear to rest,
'Twas sure with pencils dipt in various lights,
Some curious Angel limn'd thy sacred fights,
From blazing suns his radiant Gold he drew,
While moons the Silver gave, and air the blew.
I'll mount the roving winds expanded wing,
And seek the sacred hill and light to sing:
('Tis known in Jewry well) I'll make my lays
Obedient to thy summons, sound with praise.

But still I fear unwarm'd with holy flame
I take for truth the flatt'ries of a dream;
And barely wish the wond'rous gift I boast,
And faintly practise, what deserves it most.

Indulgent

Indulgent Lord! whose gracious love displays,
Joys in the light, and fills the dark with ease,
Be this to bless my days, no dream of bliss,
Or be to bless the nights my dreams like this.

A Hymn for Morning.

SEE the star that leads the day
Rising shoots a golden ray,
To makes the shades of darkness go
From heav'n above and earth below;
And warn us early with the light
To leave the beds of silent night,
From an heart sincere and sound
From it's very deepest ground,
Send Devotion up on high
Wing'd with heat to reach the sky.
See the time for sleep has run,
Rise before, or with the sun,
Lift thine hands and humbly pray
The fountain of eternal day,

That as the light serenely fair
Illustrates all the tracts of air,
The sacred spirit so may rest
With quick'ning beams upon thy breast,
And kindly clean it all within
From darker blemishes of sin,
And shine with grace until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.
See the day that dawns in air,
Brings along it's toil and care,
From the lap of night it springs
With heaps of business on it's wings;
Prepare to meet them in a mind
That bows submissively resign'd,
That wou'd to works appointed fall,
And knows that God has order'd all.
And whether with a small repast
We break the sober morning fast,
Or in our thoughts and houses lay
The future methods of the day,

Or

Or early walk abroad to meet
 Our business, with industri'ous feet,
 Whate'er we think whate'er we do,
 His glory still be kept in view.
 O Giver of eternal bliss,
 Heav'nly Father grant me this,
 Grant it all as well as me,
 All whose hearts are fix'd on thee;
 Who revere thy son above
 Who thy sacred spirit love,

A Hymn for Noon.

THE sun is swiftly mounted high,
 It glitters in the southern sky,
 It's beams with force and glory beat,
 And fruitful earth is fill'd with heat,
 Father, also with thy fire
 Warm the cold the dead desire,
 And make the sacred love of thee,
 Within my soul a sun to me.

Let

Let it shine so fairly bright,
That nothing else be took for light;
That wordly charms be seen to fade,
And in it's lustre find a shade.
Let it strongly shine within
To scatter all the clouds of sin,
That drive when gusts of passion rise
And intercept it from our eyes.
Let it's glory more than vie,
With the sun that lights the sky,
Let it swiftly mount in air,
Mount with that, and leave it there,
And soar with more aspiring flight
To realms of everlasting Light.
Thus while here I'm forc'd to be,
I daily wish to live with thee,
And feel that union which thy love,
Will, after death, compleat above.
From my soul I send my pray'r
Great Creator bow thine ear,
Thou

Thou for whose propitious sway
 The world was taught to see the day,
 Who spake the word and earth begun
 And shew'd its beauties in the sun,
 With pleasure I thy creatures view,
 And wou'd with good affection too,
 Good affection sweetly free,
 Loose from them and move to thee;
 O teach me due returns to give,
 And to thy glory let me live,
 And then my days shall shine the more
 Or pass more blessed than before.

A Hymn for Evening.

THE beam-repelling mists arise,
 And ev'ning spreads obscurer skies :
 The twilight will the night forerun,
 And night itself be soon begun.
 Upon thy knees devoutly bow
 And pray the Lord of glory now,

To

To fill thy breast, or deadly sin
May cause a blinder night within.
And whether pleasing vapours rise,
Which gently dim the closing eyes,
Which makes the weary members blest'd,
With sweet refreshment in their rest;
Or whether spirits in the brain,
Dispel their soft embrace again,
And on my watchful bed I stay,
Forfook by sleep and waiting day;
Be God for ever in my view
And never he forsake me too;
But still as day concludes in night,
To break again with new born light,
His wond'rous bounty let me find
With still a more enlighten'd mind,
When grace and love in one agree,
Grace from God, and love from me,
Grace that will from heav'n inspire,
Love that seals it in desire,

Grace

Grace and love that mingle beams,
 And fill me with encreasing flames.
 Thou that hast thy palace far
 Above the moon and ev'ry star,
 Thou that fittest on a throne,
 To which the night was never known,
 Regard my voice and make me blest'd,
 By kindly granting it's request.
 If thoughts on thee my soul employ,
 My darkness will afford me joy.
 'Till thou shalt call, and I shall soar,
 And part with darkness evermore.

The Soul in Sorrow.

WITH kind compassion hear my cry
 O Jesu, Lord of life, on high!
 As when the Summer's seasons beat
 With scorching flame and parching heat,
 The trees are burnt, the flowers fade,
 And thirsty gaps in earth are made.

G g

My

My thoughts of comfort languish so,
And so my soul is broke by woe.
Then on thy servant's drooping head,
Thy dews of blessing sweetly shed;
Let those a quick refreshment give
And raise my mind, and bid me live.
My fears of danger while I breath,
My dread of endless hell beneath,
My sense of sorrow for my sin,
To springing comfort, change within,
Change all my sad complaints for ease,
To chearful notes of endless praise;
Nor let a tear mine eyes employ
But such as owe their birth to joy:
Joy transporting sweet and strong,
Fit to fill and raise my song,
Joy that shall resounded be
While days and nights succeed for me:
Be not as a Judge severe,
For so thy presence who may bear?

On

On all my words and actions look,
 (I know they're written in thy book)
 But then regard my mournful cry
 And look with Mercy's gracious eye,
 What needs my blood since thine will do
 To pay the debt to justice due.
 O tender mercy's art divine !
 Thy sorrow proves the cure of mine,
 Thy dropping wounds, thy woful smart
 Allay the bleedings of my heart :
 Thy death, in death's extreme of pain,
 Restores my soul to life again.
 Guide me then for here I burn
 To make my Saviour some return.
 I'll rise, (if that will please him still
 And sure I've heard him own it will)
 I'll trace his steps and bear my cross
 Despising ev'ry grief and loss ;
 Since he despising pain and shame,
 First took up his, and did the same.

The Happy Man.

HOW blest'd the man, how fully so,
 As far as man is blest'd below,
 Who taking up his cross essays
 To follow Jesus all his days,
 With resolution to obey,
 And steps enlarging in his way.
 The Father of the saints above
 Adopts him with a Father's love,
 And makes his bosom thoroughly shine
 With wond'rous stores of grace divine;
 Sweet grace divine the pledge of joy
 That will his soul above employ;
 Full joy, that when his time is done
 Becomes his portion as a son.
 Ah me ! the sweet insus'd desires,
 The fervid wishes, holy fires,
 Which thus a melted heart refine,
 Such are his and such be mine.

From

From hence despising all besides,
That earth reveals or ocean hides,
All that men in either prize,
On God alone he sets his eyes.
From hence his hope is on the wings,
His health renews, his safety springs,
His glory blazes up below,
And all the streams of comfort flow.

He calls his Saviour King above
Lord of mercy, Lord of love,
And finds a kingly care defend,
And mercy smile, and love descend,
To cheer, to guide him in the ways
Of this vain world's deceitful maze:
And tho' the wicked earth display,
It's terrors in their fierce array,
Or gape so wide that horror shews
It's hell replete with endless woes;
Such succour keeps him clear of ill
Still firm to good and dauntless still.

baA

So

So fix'd, by Providence's hands
A rock amidst an ocean stands;
So bears without a trembling dread
The tempest beating round it's head,
And with it's side repels the wave
Whose hollow seems a coming grave;
The skies the deeps are heard to roar
The rock stands settled as before.

I, all with whom he has to do,
Admire the life which blesses you,
That feeds a foe, that aids a friend,
Without a bye designing end;
It's knowing real int'rest lies
On the bright side of yonder skies,
Where having made a title fair
It mounts and leaves the world to care.
While he that seeks for pleasing days,
In earthly joys and evil ways,
Is but the fool of toil or fame,
(Tho' happy be the spacious name)

And

And made by wealth, which makes him great,
A more conspicuous wretch of state.

The Way to Happiness.

HOW long ye miserable blind
Shall idle dreams engage your mind,
How long the passions make their flight
At empty shadows of delight.
No more in paths of error stray
The Lord thy Jesus is the way,
The spring of happiness, and where
Shou'd men seek happiness but there?
Then run to meet him at your need
Run with boldness, run with speed,
For he forsook his own abode
To meet thee more than half the road.
He laid aside his radiant crown
And love for mankind brought him down
To thirst and hunger, pain and woe,
To wounds, to death it self below,

And

And he that suffer'd these alone
 For all the World, despises none.
 To bid the soul that's sick be clean
 To bring the lost to life again
 To comfort those that grieve for ill,
 Is his peculiar goodness still.
 And as the thoughts of parents run
 Upon a dear and only son,
 So kind a love his mercies shew
 So kind and more extreamly so.

Thrice happy men (or find a phrase
 That speaks your bliss with greater praise)
 Who most obedient to thy call
 Leaving pleasures leaving all,
 With heart with soul, with strength incline
 O sweetest Jesu! to be thine.
 Who know thy will, observe thy ways,
 And in thy service spend their days:
 E'en death that seems to set them free
 But brings them closer still to thee.

The Convert's Love.

BLESSED Light of saints on high
 Who fill the mansions of the sky,
 Sure defence, whose mercy still
 Preserves thy subjects here from ill,
 O my Jesus! make 'me know
 How to pay the thanks I owe.

As the fond sheep that id'ly strays
 With wanton play thro' winding ways
 Which never hits the road of home
 O'er Wilds of danger learns to roam,
 'Till wear'd out with idle fear
 And passing there and turning here,
 He will for rest to covert run
 And meet the wolf he wish'd to shun.
 Thus wretched I, thro' wanton will
 Run blind and headlong on in ill:
 'Twas thus from sin to sin I flew
 And thus I might have perish'd too;

H h

But

234 *PARNELL's POEMS.*

But mercy dropt the likenefs here
 And shew'd and fav'd me from my fear.
 While o'er the darkness of my mind
 The sacred spirit purely shin'd,
 And mark'd and bright'ned all the way
 Which leads to everlasting day,
 And broke the thick'ning clouds of sin
 And fix'd the light of love within.

From hence my ravish'd soul aspires
 And dates the rise of it's desires.
 From hence to thee my God! I turn
 And fervent wishes say I burn,
 I burn thy glorious face to see
 And live in endless joy with thee.

There's no such ardent kind of flame
 Between the lover and the dame,
 Nor such affection parents bear
 To their young and only heir,
 Tho' join'd together both conspire
 And boast a doubled force of fire,

My

My tender heart within it's feat
Dissolves before the scorching heat,
As soft'ning wax is taught to run
Before the warmth of the sun.

O my flame my pleasing pain
Burn and purify my stain,
Warm me, burn me, day by day
'Till you purge my earth away,
'Till at the last I thoroughly shine
And turn a torch of love divine.

A Desire to Praise.

PROPITIOUS Son of God to thee
With all my soul I bend my knee,
My wish I send my want impart,
And dedicate my mind and heart,
For as an absent parent's son
Whose second year is only run

H h 2

When

236 **PARNELL'S POEMS.**

When no-protecting friend is near
 Void of wit and void of fear,
 With things that hurt him fondly plays,
 Or here he falls or there he strays;
 So shou'd my soul's eternal guide
 The sacred spirit be deny'd,
 Thy servant soon the loss wou'd know,
 And sink in sin, or run to woe.

O spirit bountifully kind
 Warm, possess, and fill my mind,
 Disperse my sins with light divine
 And raise the flames of love with thine
 Before thy pleasures rightly priz'd
 Let wealth and honour be despis'd
 And let the Father's glory be
 More dear itself than life to me.

Sing of Jesus! virgins sing
 Him your everlasting King;
 Sing of Jesus! chearful youth
 Him the God of love and truth:

Write

Write and raise a song divine
 Or come and hear, and borrow mine.
 Son Eternal, word supreme
 Who made the universal frame,
 Heav'n and all it's shining show
 Earth and all it holds below ;
 Bow with mercy bow thine ear
 While we sing thy praises here,
 Son Eternal ever bless'd
 Resting on the Father's breast,
 Whose tender love for all provides,
 Whose power over all presides ;
 Bow with pity, bow thine ear
 While we sing thy praises, hear.
 Thou, by pity's soft extream,
 Mov'd, and won, and set on flame,
 Assum'd the form of man, and fell
 In pains, to rescue man from hell ;
 How bright thine humble glories rise
 And match the lustre of the skies,

From

From death and hell's dejected state
 Arising, thou resum'd thy seat,
 And golden thrones of bliss prepar'd
 Above, to be thy saints reward.

How bright thy glorious honours rise,
 And with new lustre grace the skies.
 For thee, the sweet seraphick Choir
 Raise the voice and tune the Lyre
 And praises with harmonious sounds
 Through all the highest heav'n rebounds.

O make our notes with their's agree
 And bless the souls that sing of thee:
 To thee, the churches here rejoice
 The solemn organs aid the voice:
 To sacred roofs the sound we raise,
 The sacred roofs resound thy praise:
 And while our notes in one agree
 O! bless the church that sings to thee.

On

On Happiness in this Life.

THE morning opens very freshly gay
 And life itself is in the month of May.
 With green my fancy paints an arbour o'er
 And flowrets with a thousand colours more ;
 Then falls to weaving that, and spreading these
 And softly shakes them with an easy breeze.
 With golden fruit adorns the bending shade,
 Or trails a silver water o'er it's bed.
 Glide, gentle water, still more gently by
 While in this summer-bower, of bliss I lye
 And sweetly sing of sense delighting flames,
 And nymphs and shepherds soft invented names;
 Or view the branches which around me twine
 And praise their fruit, diffusing sprightly wine.
 Or find new pleasures in the world to praise
 And still with this return adorn my lays ;
 " Range round your gardens of eternal spring ;
 " Go range my senses while I sweetly sing :"

In vain, in vain alas, seduc'd by ill
And acted wildly by the force of will!

I tell my soul it will be constant May,
And Charm a season never made to stay
My beauteous arbour will not stand a storm;
The world but promises, and can't perform:
Then fade ye leaves and wither all ye flow'rs,
I'll doat no longer in enchanted bow'rs;
But sadly mourn in melancholy song,
The vain conceits that held my soul so long.
The lusts that tempt us with delusive show,
And sin brought forth for everlasting woe.
Thus shall the notes to sorrow's object rise,
While frequent rests procure a place for sighs;
And as I moan upon the naked plain
Be this the burthen closing ev'ry strain:
Return my senses, range no more abroad,
He'll only find his bliss, who seeks for God.

EXTRACT.

E X T R A C T.

THE fleeting joys which all affords below
 Work the fond heart with unperforming show
 The wish that makes our happier life compleat
 Nor grasps the wealth, nor honours of the Great,
 Nor loosely sails on pleasure's easy stream
 Nor gathers wreaths from all the groves of fame;
 Weak man, whose charms to these alone confine
 Attend my pray'r and learn to make it thine.

From thy rich throne, where circling trains of light
 Make day that's endless, infinitely bright;
 Thence heav'nly Father! thence with mercy dart
 One beam of brightness to my longing heart.
 Dawn thro' the mind, drive Error's clouds away,
 And still the rage in Passion's troubled sea;
 That the poor banish'd soul, serene and free
 May rise from earth to visit heav'n and thee:

I i

Come,

Come peace divine, shed gently from above,
Inspire my willing bosom, wond'rous love
Thy purpl'd pinnions to my shoulders tye
And point the passage where I want to fly.

But whither, whither now ! what pow'rful fire
With this bless'd influence equals my desire ?
I rise, (or love the kind deluder reigns
And acts in fancy such enchanted scenes)
Earth less'ning flies, the parting skies retreat,
The fleecy clouds my waving feathers beat ;
And now the sun, and now the stars are gone,
Yet still methinks the spirit bears me on,
Where tracts of Ether, purer blue display
And edge the golden realm of native day.

Oh ! strange enjoyment of a bliss unseen !
Oh ! rapture ! Oh sacred rage within !
Tumultuous pleasure, rais'd on peace of mind,
Sincere, excessive, from the world refin'd !
I see the light that veils the throne on high,
A light, unpierc'd by man's impurer eye ;

I hear

I hear the words, that issuing thence proclaim,
 " Let God's attendants praise his awful name!"
 Then heads unnumber'd bend before the shrine,
 Mysterious seat of Majesty divine !
 And hands unnumber'd strike the silver string,
 And tongues unnumber'd Hallelujah sing.
 See, where the shining Seraphims appear
 And sink their decent eyes with holy fear.
 See, flights of angels all their feathers raise
 And range the Orbs, and as they range they praise;
 Behold the great Apostles ! sweetly met
 And high on pearls of azure Ether set.
 Behold the Prophets full of heav'nly fire
 With wand'ring finger wake the trembling Lyre ;
 And hear the Martyrs tune, and all around,
 The Church triumphant makes the region sound.
 With Harps of gold, with Bows of Ever-green
 With robes of white the pious Throngs are seen,
 Exalted anthems all their hours employ,
 And all is musick and excess of joy.

Charm'd with the sight I long to bear a part,
The pleasure flutters at my ravish'd heart.
Sweet saints and angels of the heav'nly choir,
If love has warm'd you with celestial fire,
Assist my words, and as they move along
With Hallelujahs crown the burthen'd song.

Father of all above, and all below
O Great and far beyond expression so,
No bounds thy knowledge, none thy pow'r confine
For pow'r and knowledge in their source are thine ;
Around thee, glory spreads her golden wing ;
Sing, glitt'ring angels, Hallelujah sing.

Son of the Father, first begotten Son,
E'er the short measuring line of time begun,
The world has seen thy works, and joy'd to see
The bright effulgence manifest in thee.
The world must own thee, Love's unfathom'd spring
Sing, glitt'ring angels, Hallelujah sing.
Proceeding spirit, equally divine,
In whom the Godhead's full perfections shine,

With

With various graces, comforts unexpress'd
 With holy transports you refine the breast,
 And earth is heav'nly, where your gifts you bring,
 Sing glitt'ring angels, Hallelujah sing.

But where's my rapture, where my wond'rous
 heat,

What interruption makes my bliss retreat ?
 This world's got in, the thoughts of t'other's crost
 And the gay picture's in my fancy lost ?
 With what an eager zeal the conscious soul
 Wou'd claim it's seat and soaring pass the pole ;
 But our attempts these chains of earth restrain,
 Deride our toil and drag us down again.
 So from the ground aspiring meteors go,
 And rank'd with planets light the world below ;
 But their own bodies sink them in the sky,
 When the warmth's gone that taught them how to fly.

On

*On Divine Love by Medi-
tating on the Wounds of
Christ.*

HOLY Jesus! God of Love!
Look with pity from above,
Shed the precious purple tide
From thine hands, thy feet, thy side,
Let thy streams of comfort roll
Let them please and fill my soul.
Let me thus for ever be
Full of gladness, full of thee,
This for which my wishes pine
Is the cup of love divine,
Sweet affections flow from hence,
Sweet above the joys of sense;
Blessed Philtre! how we find
It's sacred worships, how the mind
Of all the world forgetful grown,
Can despise an earthly throne,

Raise

Raise it's thoughts to Realms above,
Think of God, and sing of love.

Love Celestial, wond'rous heat
O beyond expression great !
What resistless charms were thine
In thy good thy best design !
When God was hated, Sin obey'd,
And man undone without thy aid.
From the seats of endless peace
They brought the son, the Lord of grace,
They taught him to receive a birth
To cloath in flesh, to live on earth,
And after lifted him on high,
And taught him on the Cross to die.

Love Celestial ardent fire,
O extreme of sweet desire !
Spread thy brightly raging flame
Thro' and over all my frame ;
Let it warm me let it burn,
Let my corps to ashes turn,

And

And might thy flame thus act with me
 To set the soul from body free,
 I next wou'd use thy wings and fly
 To meet my Jesus in the sky.

*On Queen Ann's Peace,
 Anno 1713.*

MOTHER of plenty, daughter of the skies
 Sweet Peace, the troubl'd world's desire,
 arise ;

Around thy poet weave thy summer shades,
 Within my fancy spread thy flow'ry meads,
 Amongst thy train soft ease and pleasure bring,
 And thus indulgent sooth me whilst I sing.

Great ANNA claims the song ; no brighter name,
 Adorns the list of never-dying fame,
 No fairer soul was ever form'd above,
 None e'er was more the grateful nation's love

Nor

Nor lov'd the nation more. I fly with speed
To sing such lines as BOLINGBROKE may read,
On war dispers'd, on faction trampled down,
On all the peaceful glories of the crown.
And if I fail in too confin'd a flight,
May the kind world upon my labours write;

“ So fell the lines which strove for endless fame,
“ Yet fell attempting on the noblest theme.

Now twelve revolving years has Britain stood
With loss of wealth and vast expence of blood
Europa's Guardian; still her gallant arms
Secur'd Europa from impending harms.
Fair honour, full success, and just applause,
Pursu'd her marches, and adorn'd her cause;
Whilst Gaul, aspiring to erect a throne
O'er other empires, trembled for her own,
Bemoan'd her cities won, her armies slain,
And sunk the thought of universal reign.

When thus reduc'd the world's Invaders lie
The fears which rack'd the nations, justly die :

Pow'r finds it's balance, giddy motions cease
 In both the scales, and each inclines to peace.
 This fair occasion Providence prepares,
 To answer pious ANNA's hourly pray'rs,
 Which still on warm Devotion's wings arose,
 And reaching Heav'n obtain'd the world's repose.

Within the vast expansion of the sky,
 Where Orbs of gold in fields of Azure lie,
 A glorious palace shines, whose silver ray
 Serenely flowing lights the milky way,
 The road of angels. Here with speedy care
 The summon'd Guardians of the world repair,
 When Britain's Angel on the message sent
 Speaks ANNA's pray'rs and Heaven's supream intent,
 That war's destructive arm shou'd humble Gaul,
 Spain's parted realms to diff'rent monarchs fall,
 The grand alliance crown'd with glory cease,
 And joyful Europe find the sweets of peace.
 He spoke : the smiling hopes of man's repose,
 The joy that springs from certain hopes arose

Diffusive

Diffusive o'er the place ; complacent airs
Sedately sweet were heard within the spheres ;
And bowing all adore the sovereign mind,
And fly to execute the work design'd.

This done, the Guardian on the wing repairs
Where ANNA sat revolving publick cares
With deep concern of thought. Unseen he stood
Presenting peaceful images of good
On Fancy's airy stage, returning Trade,
A sunk Exchequer fill'd, an Army paid,
The fields with men, the men with plenty bless'd
The towns with riches, and the world with rest.
Such pleasing objects on her bosom play,
And give the dawn of glory's golden day,
When all her labours at their harvest shewn
Shall in her subjects joy compleat her own.
Then breaking silence, 'tis enough she cries,
That war has rag'd to make the nations wise.
Heav'n prospers armies whilst they fight to save,
And thirst of further fame destroys the brave ;

The vanquish'd Gauls are humbly pleas'd to live,
 And but escap'd the chains they meant to give.
 Now let the pow'rs be still'd and each possess'd
 Of what secures the common safety best.

So spake the Queen, then fill'd with warmth divine
 She call'd her OXFORD to the grand design ;
 Her OXFORD prudent in affairs of state,
 Profoundly thoughtful, manifestly great
 In ev'ry turn, whose steady temper steers
 Above the reach of gold or shock of fears ;
 Whom no blind chance, but merit understood
 By frequent tryals, pow'r of doing good,
 And will to execute, advanc'd on high,
 O soul created to deserve the sky !
 And make the nation, crown'd with glory, see,
 How much it rais'd itself by raising thee !
 Now let the schemes which labour in thy breast
 The long Alliance bless with lasting rest :
 Weigh all pretences with impartial laws,
 And fix the sep'rate Int'rests of the cause.

These

These toils the graceful BOLINGBROKE attends,
 A Genius fashion'd for the greatest ends,
 Whose strong perception takes the swiftest flight,
 And yet it's swiftness ne'er obscures it's sight:
 When schemes are fix'd, and each assign'd a part,
 None serves his country with a nobler heart,
 Just thoughts of honour all his mind controul,
 And Expedition wings his lively soul:
 On such a Patriot to confer the Trust,
 The Monarch knows it safe as well as just.

Then next proceeding in her Agents choice
 And ever pleas'd that worth obtain the voice,
 She from the list of high-distinguish'd names
 With pious BRISTOW gallant STRAFFORD names:
 One form'd to stand a church's firm support,
 The other fitted to adorn a court,
 Both vers'd in business, both of fine address
 By which experience leads to great success:
 And both to distant lands the Monarch sends,
 And to their conduct Europe's peace commends.

Now

Now ships unmoor'd to waft her Agents o'er
 Spread all their sail, and quit the flying shore.
 The foreign Agents reach th' appointed place
 The Congress opens, and it will be peace.
 Methinks the war like stormy winter flies,
 When fairer months unveil the blueish skies,
 A flow'ry world the sweetest season spreads,
 And doves with branches flutter round their heads.

Half-peopled Gaul whom num'rous ills destroy
 With wishful heart attends the promis'd joy.
 For this prepares the Duke——ah sadly slain
 'Tis grief to name him whom we mourn in vain :
 No warmth of verse repairs the vital flame,
 For verse can only grant a life in fame,
 Yet cou'd my praise like spicy odours shed
 In everlasting song embalm the dead,
 To realms that weeping heard the loss I'd tell,
 What courage, sense, and faith, with BRANDON fell.

But Britain more than one for glory breeds,
 And polish'd TALBOT to the charge succeeds,

Whose

Whose far-projecting thoughts maturely clear
 Like glasses draw their distant objects near.
 Good Parts by gentle breeding much refin'd,
 And stores of learning grace his ample mind,
 A cautious virtue regulates his ways,
 And Honour gilds them with a thousand rays.
 To serve his nation at his Queen's command,
 He parts commission'd for the Gallick land :
 With pleasure Gaul beholds him on her shore
 And learns to love a name she fear'd before.

Once more aloft there meet for new debates
 The Guardian Angels of Europa's states :
 And mutual concord shines in ev'ry face
 And ev'ry bosom glows with hopes of peace
 While Britain's steps in one consent they praise
 Then gravely mourn their other realms delays,
 Their doubtful claims through seas of blood pursu'd,
 Their fears that Gallia fell but half subdu'd,
 And all the real'nings which attempt to shew
 That war shou'd ravage in the world below.

“ Ah

- " Ah fall'n estate of man! can rage delight!
 " Wounds please the touch, or ruin charm the
 " fight!
 " Ambition make unlovely mischief fair!
 " Or ever Pride be Providence's care!
 " When stern Oppressors range the bloody field,
 " 'Tis just to conquer and unsafe to yield:
 " There save the nations; but no more pursue
 " Nor in thy turn become Oppressor too."

Our rebel angels for Ambition fell,
 And war in Heav'n produc'd a Fiend in hell.

Thus with a soft concern for man's repose

The tender Guardians join to moan our woes,

Then awful rise, combin'd with all their might,

To find what Fury 'scap'd the den of night,

The pleasing labours of their love withstands,

And spreads a wild distraction o'er the lands.

Their glitt'ring pinnions sound in yielding air,

And watchful Providence approves the care.]

In

In Flandria's soil where Camps have mark'd the
plain,

The Fiend, impetuous Discord, fix'd her reign ;
A tent her royal seat. With full resort
Stern shapes of Horrour throng'd her buisfy court,
Blind Mischief, Ambush close concealing Ire,
Loud Threat'nings, Ruin arm'd with sword and fire,
Assaulting Fierceness, Anger wanting breath,
High Red'ning Rage, and Various Forms of death,
Dire Imps of darkness, whom with Gore she feeds
When war beyond it's point of Good proceeds.
In Gallick armour, call'd with alter'd name
Great love of Empire, to the field she came ;
Now, still supporting Feud, she strives to hide
Beneath that name, and only change the side ;
But as she whirl'd the rapid wheels around
Where mangl'd limbs in heaps pollute the ground,
(A sullen Joyless Sport,) with searching eye
The shining Chiefs regard her as they fly,
Then hov'ring, dart their beams of heav'nly light,
She starts, the Fury stands confess'd to fight,

And grieves to leave the soil, and yells aloud,
Her Yells are answer'd by the Sable Crowd,
And all on Bat-like wings (if Fame be true)
From Christian lands to Northern climates flew.

But rising murmours from Britania's shore
With speed recal her watchful Guardian o'er.
He spreads his pinions, and approaching near,
These hints in scatter'd words assault his ear,
The People's Pow'r—The Grand Alliance cross'd
The Peace is sep'rate—Our Religion's lost.
Led by the Blatant voice along the skies,
He comes where Faction over cities flies;
A talking Fiend whom snaky locks disgrace,
And num'rous mouths deform her dusky face,
Whence Lies are utter'd, Whisper softly sounds,
Sly Doubts amaze, or Innuendo wounds.
Within her arms are heaps of Pamphlets seen,
And these blaspheme the Saviour, those the Queen;
Associate Vices: thus with tongue and hand
She shed her venom o'er the troubled land.

Now

Now vex'd that Discord and the Baneful Train
That tends on Discord, fled the neighb'ring plain,
She rag'd to madness : when the Guardian came,
And downwards drove her with a sword of flame.

A mountain gaping to the Nether Hell
Receiv'd the Fury railing as she fell :
The mountain closing o'er the Fury lies,
And stops her passage where she means to rise,
And when she strives, or shifts her side for ease,
All Britain rocks amidst her circling seas.

Now Peace returning after tedious woes
Restores the comforts of a calm repose :
Then bid the Warriors sheath their sanguin'd arm
Bid Angry Trumpets cease to sound Alarms,
Guns leave to thunder in the tortur'd air,
Red streaming colours furl around the spear,
And each contending realm no longer jarr,
But pleas'd with rest unharness all the war.

She comes the Blessing comes, where'er she moves
New springing Beauty all the land improves :

More heaps of fragrant flow'rs the field adorn,
More sweet the Birds salute the Rosy Morn,
More lively Green refreshes all the leaves,
And in the Breeze the corn more thickly waves.
She comes the Blessing comes in easy state,
And Forms of Brightness all around her wait :
Here smiling Safety with her bosom bare
Securely walks, and chearful Plenty there ;
Here wond'rous Sciences with Eagles fight,
There Liberal Arts which make the world polite,
And open Traffick joining hand in hand
With honest Industry, approach the land.

O welcome long desir'd and lately found !
Here fix thy seat upon the British ground,
Thy Shining Train around the Nation send,
While by degrees the loading Taxes end :
While Caution calm yet still prepar'd for arms
And Foreign Treaties, gaurd from foreign harms :
While equal Justice hearing ev'ry cause
Makes ev'ry Subject join to love the laws.

Where

Where Britain's Patriots in Council meet
 Let publick safety rest at ANNA's feet :
 Let OXFORD's schemes the Path to Plenty shew
 And through the realm increasing Plenty go.
 Let Arts and Sciences in glory rise,
 And pleas'd the world has leisure to be wise,
 Around their OXFORD and their ST. JOHN stand,
 Like Plants that flourish by the Master's hand :
 And safe in hope the sons of Learning wait
 Where Learning's Self has fix'd her fair retreat.
 Let Traffick cherish'd by the Senate's care
 On all the seas employ the waisting air :
 And Industry with circulating wing
 Through all the land the goods of Traffick bring.
 The Blessings so dispos'd will long abide,
 Since ANNA reigns, and HARLEY's thoughts preside ;
 Great ORMOND's arms the sword of Caution wield,
 And hold Britania's broad-protecting Shield ;
 Bright BOLINGBROKE and worthy DARTMOUTH
 treat
 By fair dispatch with ev'ry foreign State ;

And

And HARCOURT's knowledge equitably shewn
Makes Justice call his firm Decrees her own.

Thus all that Poet's fanci'd Heav'n of old
May for the Nation's present Emblem hold :
There Jove imperial sway'd ; Minerva wise,
And Phœbus eloquent, adorn'd the skies ;
On Arts Cyllenius fix'd his full delight,
Mars rein'd the War, and Themis judg'd the Right :
All mortals once beneficently great,
(As Fame reports) and rais'd in Heav'nly State ;
Yet sharing labours, still they shun'd repose,
To shed the blessings down by which they rose.

Illustrious Queen how Heav'n hath heard thy
pray'rs,
What stores of Happiness attend thy Cares !
A Church in safety fix'd, a State in rest,
A Faithful Ministry, a People blest'd,
And Kings submissive at thy foot-stool thrown,
That others Rights restore, or beg their own.

Now

Now rais'd with thankful mind ; and rolling slow
 In grand Proceſſion to the temple go,
 By ſnow-white Horſes drawn ; while ſounding Fame
 Proclaims thy coming, Praise exalts thy name,
 Fair Honour drefs'd in robes adorns thy ſtate,
 And on thy Train the crowded Nations wait,
 Who preſſing view with what a temper'd grace
 The looks of Maſteſty compoſe thy face,
 And mingling Sweetneſs ſhines, or how thy drefs
 And how thy Pomp an inward Joy confeſs,
 Then fill'd with Pleaſures to thy glory due
 With Shouts the Chariot moving on purſue.

As when the Phoenix from Arabia flown,
 (If any Phoenix were like ANNA known,) 10
 His ſpice at Phoebus Shrine prepar'd to lay,
 Where'er their Monarch cut his airy way
 The gath'ring Birds around the Wonder flew,
 And much admir'd his Shape and much his Hue,
 The tuft of Gold that glow'd above his head,
 His ſpacious Train with golden feathers ſpread,
His

His gilded Bosom speck'd with purple pride,
And both his Wings in glossy purple dy'd :
He still pursues his way, with wond'ring eyes
The Birds attend, and follow where he flies.

Thrice happy Britains, if at last you know,
'Tis less to conquer than to want a foe ;
That Triumphs still are made for War's decrease,
When Men by Conquest rise to views of Peace ;
That over Toils for Peace in view we run,
Which gain'd, the World is pleas'd, and War is
done.

Fam'd BLENHEIM's field, RAMILLIES noble seat
BLAREGNI's desperate act of gallant heat,
Or wond'rous WINENDALE, are war pursu'd
By wounds and deaths through plains with blood
embreu'd ;

But good Design to make the world be still
With human Grace adorns the needful Ill.
This end obtain'd we close the Scenes of rage
And gentler Glories deck the rising age.

Such

Such gentler Glories, such reviving days,
The Nation's wishes, and the Statesman's praise,
Now pleas'd to shine in golden Order throng,
Demand our Annals and enrich our Song.
Then go where Albion's Cliffs approach the skies,
(The Fame of Albion so deserves to rise)
And deep engrav'd for Time 'till Time shall cease,
Upon the Stones their fair Inscription place.
Iberia rent, the Pow'r of Gallia broke,
Batavia rescu'd from the threat'ned Yoke,
The royal Austrian rais'd, his Realms restor'd,
Great Britain arm'd, triumphant and ador'd,
It's State enlarg'd, It's Peace restor'd again,
Are Blessings all adorning ANNA's Reign.

E L Y S I U M.

IN airy fields, the fields of bliss below
Where Woods of Myrtil, set by Maro, grow;
Where Grass beneath, and Shade diffus'd above
Refresh the Fevers of distracted love:

M m

There

There at a Solemn Tide the Beauties, slain
By tender passion, act their Fates again,
Thro' gloomy light, that just betrays the grove,
In Orgies, all disconsolately rove :
They range the Reeds, and o'er the Poppies sweep,
That nodding bend beneath their load of Sleep,
By lakes subsiding with a gentle face,
And rivers gliding with a silent pace ;
Where Kings and Swains, by ancient authors sung,
Now chang'd to flow'rets o'er the margin hung,
The Self-Admirer, white Narcissus, so
Fades at the brink, his picture fades below !
In bells of Azure, Hyacinth arose,
In Crimson painted, young Adonis glows,
The fragrant Crocus shone with golden flame
And leaves inscrib'd with Ajax haughty name.
A sad Remembrance brings their lives to view
And with their Passion, makes their tears renew,
Unwinds the years, and lays the former scene
Where, after death, they live for deaths again.

Loft

Loft by the glories of her lovers state
 Deluded Semel bewails her fate,
 And runs and seems to burn, the flames arife
 And fan with idle fury as ſhe flies.

The lovely Cænis, whoſe transforming ſhape
 Secur'd her honour from a ſecond rape,
 Now moans the fiſt, with ruſſ'd dreſs appears,
 Feels her whole ſex return, and bathes with tears.

The jealous Procris wipes a ſeeming wound,
 Whoſe trickling Crimſon dyes the buſhy ground,
 Knows the ſad ſhaft, and calls before ſhe go,
 To kiſs the fav'rite hand that gave the blow.
 Where Ocean feigns a rage, the Seſtian Fair
 Holds a dim Taper from a Tow'r of air;
 A noiſeleſs wind aſſaults the wav'ring light,
 The Beauty tumbling mingles with the night.

Where curling Shades for rough Leucate roſe,
 With love diſtracted tuneful Sappho goes,

268 *PARNELL's POEMS.*

Sings to mock Cliffs a melancholy lay,
And with a Lover's Leap affrights the sea.

The sad Eryphile retreats to moan,
What wrought her Husband's death and caus'd her
own,

Surveys the Glitt'ring Veil the bribe of fate,
And tears the Shadow, but she tears too late.

In thin Design, and airy Picture, fleet
The Tales that stain the royal house of Crete;
To court a lovely Bull Pasiphae flies,
The snowy Phantom feeds before her eyes.
Lost Ariadne raves, the Thread she bore
Trails on unwinding, as she walks the shore.
And Phædra desp'rate seeks the lonely groves,
To read her guilty Letter while she roves;
Red shame confounds the first, the second wears
A starry Crown, the third a Halter bears.
Fair Leodamia mourns her nuptial night
Of Love defrauded by the thirst of fight,

Yet

Yet for another, as delusive cries,
And dauntless sees her Heroe's Ghost arise.

Here Thisbe, Canace and Dido stand
All arm'd with swords, a fair but angry Band
This sword a Lover own'd; a Father gave
The next; a Stranger chanc'd the last to leave.

And there e'en she, the Goddess of the Grove
Join'd with the Phantom-Fairs, affects to rove,
As once, for Latmos, she forsook the Plain
To steal the Kisses of a flumb'ring swain:
Around her head a Starry Fillet twines
And at the front a Silver Crescent shines.

These and a thousand, and a thousand more
With sacred rage, recal the pangs they bore,
Strike the deep Dart afresh, and ask relief,
Or sooth the wound, with soft'ning words of Grief.
At such a tide unheedful love invades
The dark Recesses of the madding Shades,

Thro'

Thro' long descent he fans the fogs around,
 His purple feathers, as he flies, resound.
 The nimble Beauties crouding all to gaze,
 Perceive the common Troubler of their ease;
 Tho' dulling Mists and dubious Day destroy
 The fine appearance of the flutt'ring boy,
 Tho' all the Pomp, that glitters at his side
 The Golden Belt, the Clasp and Quiver hide;
 And tho' the Torch appear a Gleam of white
 That faintly spots and moves in haizy Night
 Yet still they know the God, the general Foe
 And threatning lift their airy hands below.

From hence they lead him where a Myrtle stood
 The saddest Myrtle in the mournful Wood,
 Devote to vex the Gods, 'twas here before,
 Hell's awful Empress soft Adonis bore,
 When the young Hunter scorn'd her graver Air
 And only Venus warm'd his shadow there.

Fix'd to the Trunk the tender Boy they bind;
 They cord his feet beneath, his hands behind;

He

Hemourns, but vainly mourns his angry Fate
 For Beauty still relentless acts in Hate.
 Tho' no offence be done no Judge be nigh
 Love must be guilty by the common cry :
 For all are pleas'd, by partial Passion led
 To shift their follies on another's head.

Now sharp Reproaches ring their shrill Alarms,
 And all the Heroines brandish all their Arms,
 And ev'ry Heroine makes it her Decree
 That Cupid suffer just the same as she.
 To fix the desp'rate Halter one assay'd,
 One seeks to wound him with an empty Blade.
 Some headlong hang the nodding Rocks of Air,
 They fall in Fancy, and he feels Despair.
 Some toss the hollow Seas around his head,
 (The Seas that want a Wave afford a dread.)
 Or shake the Torch, the sparkling Fury flies,
 And flames that never burn'd afflict his eyes.

The mournful Myrrha bursts her rended womb,
 And drowns his visage in a moist Perfume.

While

While Others, seeming mild, advise to wound
With hum'rous Pains by fly Derision found.
That prickling Bodkins teach the blood to flow,
From whence the Roses first begin to glow.
Or in their Flames to singe the Boy prepare
That all shou'd chuse by wanton Fancy where.

The lovely Venus, with a bleeding breast,
She too, securely thro' the Circle prest,
Forgot the Parent, urg'd his hasty fate,
And spurr'd the female Rage beyond Debate ;
O'er all her scenes of Frailty swiftly runs,
Absolves herself, and makes the Crime her son's,
That clasp'd in chains with Mars she chanc'd to lie,
A noted Fable of the laughing Skie ;
That from her Love's intemp'rate heat began,
Sicanian Eryx born a savage man ;
The loose Priapus, and the Monster-wight
In whom the Sexes shamefully unite.

Nor words suffice the Goddess of the Fair
She snaps the rosy Wreath that binds her hair,
Then

Then on the God, who fear'd a fiercer woe,
Her hands unplying dealt the frequent Blow;
From all his tender skin a purple Dew
The dreadful scourges of the Chaplet drew,
From whence the Rose, by Cupid ting'd before
Now, doubly tinging, flames with lustre more.

Here ends their wrath, the Parent seems severe
The strokes unfit for little Love to bear;

To save their Foe the melting Beauties fly,
And, cruel Mother, spare thy Child they cry.

To Love's account they plac'd their death of late
And now transfer, the sad account to Fate:

The Mother pleas'd beheld the storm allwage,
Thank'd the calm Mourners, and dismiss'd her rage.

Thus Fancy once in dusky shade express'd
With empty Terrors work'd the time of Rest.

Where Wretched Love endur'd a world of woe,
For all a Winter's length of night below.

Then soar'd, as Sleep dissolv'd, unchain'd away,
And thro' the Port of Iv'ry reach'd the day.

As, mindless of their rage, he slowly sails
 On Pinions cumber'd in the misty Vales,
 (Ah fool to Light!) the Nymphs no more obey;
 Nor was this Region ever his to sway,
 Cast in a deep'n'd Ring they close the Plain,
 And seize the God, reluctant all in vain.

The Judgment of Paris.

WHERE waving Pines the brows of Ida
 shade,
 The swain young Paris half supinely laid,
 Saw the loose Flocks thro' shrubs unnumber'd rove
 And Piping call'd them to the gladdened grove.
 'Twas there he met the Message of the skies,
 That he the Judge of Beauty deal the prize.
 The Message known, one Love with anxious
 mind,
 To make his Mother guard the time assign'd,
 Drew

Drew forth her proud white Swans, and trac'd the
 pair
 That wheel her Chariot in the purple air;
 A golden Bow behind his shoulder bends,
 A golden Quiver at his side depends,
 Pointing to these he nods, with fearless State,
 And bids her safely meet the grand Debate,
 Another Love proceeds with anxious care
 To make his Iv'ry sleek the shining hair,
 Moves the loose Curls and bids the Forehead shew
 In full Expansion all it's native snow.
 A third enclaps the many colour'd Cest
 And rul'd by Fancy sets the silver Vest,
 When to her Sons with intermingl'd sighs
 The Goddess of the rosy lips applies.

'Tis now my darling boys a time to shew
 The love you feel, the filial aids you owe:
 Yet would we think that any dar'd to strive
 For Charms, when Venus and her Loves alive?
 Or should the prize of beauty be deni'd,
 Has Beauty's Empress ought to boast beside?

And ting'd with Poison, pleasing while it harms
 My Darts I trusted to your infant arms,
 If, when your hands have arch'd the golden Bow
 The World's great Ruler bending owns the blow,
 Let no contending Form invade my due,
 Tall Juno's Mein, nor Pallas Eyes of blew.
 But grac'd with Triumph, to the Paphian shore,
 Your Venus bears the Palms of Conquest o'er.
 And joyful see my hundred Alters there
 With costly Gums perfume the wanton air.

While thus the Cupids hear the Cyprian Dame,
 The groves resounded where a Goddess came.
 The warlike Pallas march'd with mighty stride
 Her Shield forgot, her Helmet laid aside.
 Her Hair unbound, in curls and order flow'd,
 And Peace, or something like, her Visage shew'd;
 So with her eyes serene and hopeful haste,
 The long stretch'd Allys of the Wood she trac'd.
 But where the Woods a second Entrance found,
 With Scepter'd Pomp, and Golden Glory crown'd.

The

The stately Juno stalk'd, to reach the Seat,
And hear the Sentence in the last Debate,
And long, severely long resent the Grove;
In this, what boots it, she's the wife of Jove.

Arm'd with a Grace at length, secure to win,
The lovely Venus smiling enters in;
All sweet and shining near the Youth she drew,
Her Rosy Neck ambrosial odours threw;
The sacred Scents diffus'd among the leaves,
Ran down the Woods and fill'd their hoary Caves;
The Charms, so am'rous all, and each so great,
The conquer'd Judge no longer keeps his Seat,
Oppress'd with Light, he drops his weary'd eyes
And fears he should be thought to doubt the Prize.

*Bacchus or the Drunken Me-
tamorphosis.*

AS Bacchus ranging at his leisure,
(Io Bacchus king of Pleasure)
Charm'd the wide world with Drink and Dances,
And all his thousand airy Fancies,

Alas

Alas! he quite forgot the while
His fav'rite Vines in Lesbos Isle.

The God returning e'er they dy'd,
Ah! see my jolly Fawns he cry'd,
The Leaves but hardly born are red
And the bare Arms for pity spread:
The Beasts afford a rich Manure,
Fly my Boys to bring the Cure,
Up the Mountains, o'er the Vales,
Thro' the Woods, and down the Dales
For this, if full the Cluster grow,
Your Bowls shall doubly overflow.

So chear'd with more officious haste,
They bring the Dungs of ev'ry Beast,
The Loads they wheel, the Roots they bear
They lay the rich Manure with care
While oft he calls to labour hard,
And names as oft the red Reward.

The

The Plants refresh'd, new Leaves appear
The thick'ning Clusters load the Year
The Season swiftly Purple grew,
The Grapes hung dangling, deep with Blue.

A Vineyard ripe, a Day serene,
Now call them all to Work again
The Fawns thro' ev'ry Furrow shoot,
To load their Flasks with the Fruit,
And now the Vintage early trod,
The Wines invite the jolly God.

Strow the Roses, raise the Song,
See the Master comes along;
Lusty Reveljoyn'd with Laughter,
Whim and Frolick follow after.
The Fawns aside the Vats remain,
To shew the Work and reap the Gain,
All around, and all around,
They sit to riot on the ground.
A Vessel stands amidst the Ring
And there they laugh, and there they sing;

Or

Or rise a jolly jolly Band,
 And dance about it hand in hand,
 Dance about and shout again
 Then sit to laugh and sing again,
 Thus they drink and thus they play
 The Sun and all their Wits away.

But as an ancient Author sung
 The Vine mann'd with every Dung
 From ev'ry Creature strangely drew
 A Tang of brutal Nature too.
 'Twas hence in drinking on the Lawns,
 New turns of Humour seiz'd the Fawns,

Here one was crying out by Jove,
 Another fight me in the Grove,
 This wounds a Friend, and that the Trees,
 The Lyon's Temper reign'd in these.

Another grins and leaps about,
 And keeps a merry world of Rout,
 And talks impertinently free,
 And twenty talk the same as he,

Chatt'ring

PARNELL's POEMS. 281

Chatt'ring, Idle, Airy, Kind,
These take the Monkey's turn of mind.

Here one who saw the Nymphs that stood
To peep upon them from the Wood
Skulks off to try if any Maid
Be lagging late beneath the Shade
While loose Discourse another raises;
In naked Nature's plainest Phrases;
And ev'ry Glass he drinks enjoys
With change of Nonsense Lust and Noise;
Mad and careless hot and vain,
Such as these the Goat retain.

Another drinks and casts it up,
And drinks and wants another Cup,
Is very silent and sedate,
Ever long and ever late,
Full of Meats and full of Wine,
This takes his Temper from a Swine,
There

There some who hardly seem to breath,
 Drink and hang the Jaw beneath;
 Gaping, tender, apt to weep,
 Their Nature's alter'd by the Sheep.

'Twas thus one Autumn all the Crew
 (If what the Poets say be true)
 While Bacchus made the merry Feast
 Inclined to one or other Beast.
 And since, 'tis said for many a Mile,
 He spread the Mines of Lesbos Isle.

A R I D D L E.

UPON a Bed of humble clay
 In all her Garments loose
 A Prostitute my Mother lay
 To ev'ry Comer's use.
 'Till one Gallant in heat of love
 This Own Peculiar made her

And

And to a Region far above
And softer Beds convey'd her.

But in his Absence, to his Place
His rougher Rival came
And with a cold constrain'd Embrace
Begot me on the Dame.

I then appear'd to Publick View
A Creature wondrous bright
But shortly perishable too
Inconstant, nice and light.

On Feathers not together fast
I wildly flew about
And from my Father's country past
To find my Mother out.

Where her Gallant of her beguil'd
With me enamour'd grew
And I that was my Mother's Child
Brought forth my Mother too.

*On Mrs. Ar: F: Leaving
London.*

FROM Town fair Arabella flies,
The Beaux unpowder'd grieve,
The Rivers play before her eyes,
The Breezes softly breathing rise
The Spring begins to live.

Her Lovers swore they must expire
Yet quickly find their Ease,
For as she goes, their Flames retire
Love thrives before a nearer fire
Esteem by distant Rays.

Yet soon the Fair one will return
When Summer quits the Plain
Ye Rivers pour the weeping Urn,
Ye Breezes sadly sighing mourn,
Ye Lovers burn again.

'Tis

'Tis constancy enough in Love
 That Nature's fairly shewn
 To search for more will fruitless prove
 Romances and the Turtle Dove
 The Virtue boast alone.

*On the B——p of S——, who
 had like to be burnt lately
 in his STUDY.*

FROM that Dire *Æra*, Bane of S—— Pride,
 Which lost his Schemes, and laid his Friends
 aside,
 He talks and writes that *Pop'ry* will return,
 And He, and We, and all his Works must burn.

What touch'd himself was almost fairly prov'd,
 (Oh far from Britain be the rest remov'd)
 For as of late he meant to bless the Age,
 With flagrant Prefaces of Party-Rage,
 O'erwrought

O'erwrought with Passion, and the Subject's Weight,
 Lolling he nodded in his Elbow Seat,
 Down fell the Candle, Grease and Zeal conspire,
 Heat meets with Heat and Pamphlets burn their
 Sire.

Here crawls a Preface on it's half burnt Maggots
 And there an Introduction brings it's Faggots,
 Then Roars the Prophet of the Northern Nation,
 Scorch'd by a flaming Speech on Moderation.

Unwarn'd by this go on the Realm to fright,
 Thou BRITON vaunting on thy second Sight:
 In such a Ministry you safely tell,
 How much you'd suffer, if Religion fell.



F I N I S.

